

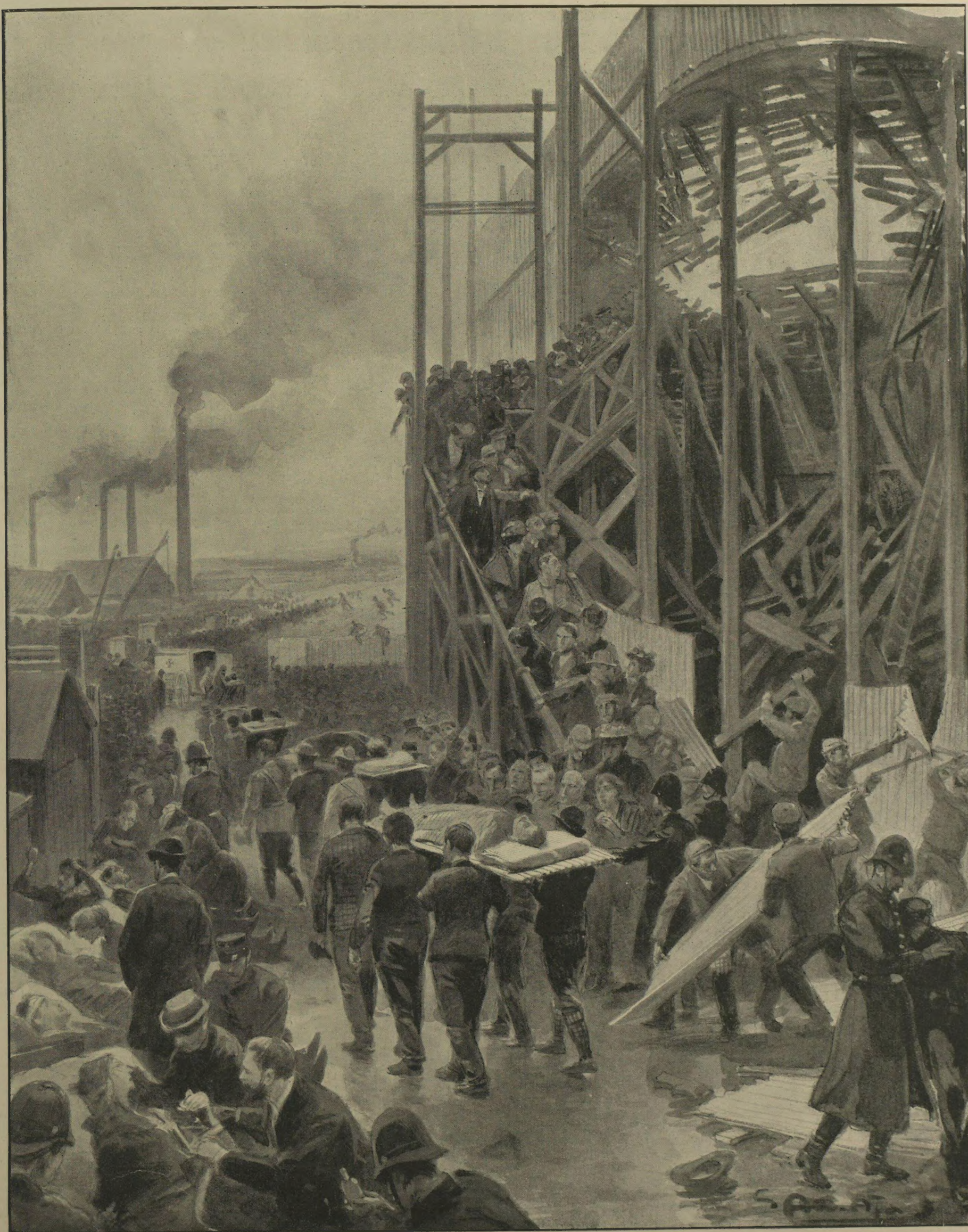
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1902.

SIXPENCE



THE TERRIBLE DISASTER AT THE INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL MATCH AT IBROX PARK, GLASGOW, ON APRIL 5.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT BY W. A. DONNELLY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The testament of Cecil Rhodes teaches one lesson which should abash the world. Never were the current estimates of an eminent man's character so signally shown to need revision. The favourite opinion of Rhodes was that, above all things, he was earthy. He amassed millions; he grabbed territories; he had good and even great points; but fundamentally he was a materialist. To his enemies he was a monster of sordid greed; to the world at large he represented chartered companies, mining concessions, all the instruments of the power that turns vast slices of the earth to the purposes of commerce. But in his will stands revealed the idealist, calmly allotting his millions to the service of education on its most humane and least utilitarian side. When men thought him a grasping speculator, he was dreaming of Oxford; and if there be any centre of thought more remote than Oxford from the base uses of commerce, it is unknown to our mortal sphere. He was dreaming of future generations who should send the flower of their manhood from British Colonies, from American States, from German schools to mingle with our English youth in study and in social union on the banks of Isis. He has left a great fortune to make that dream come true; and the world, I say, has reason to blush for the injustice it has done to him.

So sudden and striking is the ideal that a little misconception is not to be wondered at. Some people see in the Rhodes Scholarships an insidious scheme of political domination. An American critic suspects that Rhodes had in his mind's eye conclaves of astute young Britons, Americans, and Colonials, plotting more conquests for the Anglo-Saxon race. This militant aspiration, adds the American critic, will be disappointed. The atmosphere of Oxford is not favourable to the hatching of such schemes. I can imagine Rhodes, as he wrote his will, putting down the pen for a moment, and murmuring with a smile, "Ah! this is what some of them will say of me: The Mephistopheles of Rhodesia gathered these brave young spirits in the cloisters of Oxford to tempt them with piratical plans for grabbing the globe!" I suppose the fifteen German holders of scholarships would have secret meetings of their own to baffle this Anglo-Saxon aggrandisement. But the ideal has none of this subtlety. It is no plot of Imperialism, but a simple counsel of friendship to the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races. The man who conceived it had the noble thought of teaching three great peoples to understand one another. How far it will succeed none can say, for international prejudices are fed from sources that no scheme of common education can affect. But many minds will come under its influence, and it will remain an imperishable memorial of its creator.

A little jealousy springs in some American bosoms. Why could not Rhodes have left half his money, it is asked, for the endowment of scholarships at American Universities, so that English youths might enjoy the advantages of education at Harvard and Yale? Surely that is the affair of some American magnate of finance! Mr. Carnegie has a great many more millions still at his disposal than Mr. Rhodes ever possessed. Why does he not spend a few of them on Yale and Harvard scholarships for British students? Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Pierpont Morgan might ponder this idea. It would give an academic glow to American competition, and help to pacify any anxious spirits in the United States who may dread the conservative and monarchical influence of Oxford upon the imagination of American undergraduates. An Oxford Professor has been telling a charming story of a Western student, who presented himself at a college one day, interviewed the head, and applied for admission. He was a working man, and at home he earned his living as a foreman of bricklayers. His persistence and persuasion were irresistible; he entered the college, worked hard, won universal respect, and in vacation time recrossed the Atlantic, and made some more money at bricks. Mr. Thomas Hardy's stonemason, Jude Fawley, wrote to the heads of colleges, and was coldly rebuffed; but if he had persevered, why should he not have succeeded as well as the American bricklayer?

Cecil Rhodes has made plenty of texts for sermons and leading articles. I see one leader-writer complains of him, as the cabman complained of John Forster, that he was "a harbitrary gent." He has actually left an estate to his family on condition that the life-owner shall always have the full value of it, instead of being mulcted for jointures and similar charges. That alone is enough to make the hair of the good old English lawyer bristle with indignation. But there is another condition: the life-owner must have a profession, not the Army, and must give a term of service in some capacity to the military forces of his country. Rhodes lived in charity with all classes save one. He detested "loafers"; he could not endure the young man with a comfortable inheritance who does nothing for himself or for his nation. If he could have ruled a State as a despot, Rhodes would have made some laws more drastic than those of Lycurgus. The sons of millionaires would not have lounged through any part

of the world under his authority. Freedom turns pale at such a man, and comfortable citizens, blest with wealthy and indulgent fathers, must thank the fates that Rhodes was not able to choke the springs of human affection, and pull down the altars of filial piety.

Texts for sermons have a great fascination for arbitrary laymen, especially editors and novelists. But editors must be careful: let them take warning by the fate of Sir Edward Russell. He has written sermons in his daily paper, and reprinted them in a volume; and lo! a weekly journal, with a violent taste for theology, has fallen upon him in dudgeon. He is told that it is profane to deal with sacred subjects in a column which may be in close proximity to the Stock Exchange quotations and the sporting odds. A sermon by a Bishop may be reported in the same column; but then a Bishop preaches by authority, and he has not laid hands on any editor. The weekly journal is very learned and sincere on "absolution and confession," and a page or two further on you may find a playful article about the theatre. But the editor in this case, I presume, has a special license from his Bishop to mix sacred lore with profane topics. Moreover, he is a sixpenny editor, and the weekly sixpence has an apostolic grace denied to the daily penny.

Novelists, as I have said, are also "harbitrary gents." Not only do they carry in the hollow of their hands the lives of their imaginary characters: they claim the right to excommunicate critics by bell, book, and candle. In Sir Walter Besant's autobiography nothing is so striking as his ire against the reviewers of novels. He accuses them of ignorance, malevolence, and dishonesty. He says they habitually write short—intolerably short—notice of novels which they have not taken the trouble to read. My acquaintance with reviewers is rather different. I have known them to read novels—none of the best—with scrupulous care and the laborious hope of finding something commendable before the end. I have known them to suffer actual pain when a novelist of established reputation produced his regular quantity of fiction year after year with a steadily declining standard of merit. There was once a novelist who wrote excellent stories in collaboration with another, and many stories not so excellent after the collaborator's death. He could not see the difference; but some unhappy critics saw it, and could not keep the secret. Then he died, leaving a literary testament which hinted not obscurely that they were infamous. I have a dreadful suspicion that these wretched men, having learned what he thought of them, will go out and hang themselves.

Sometimes this penance, or worse ("something lingering, with boiling oil in it"), is merited for other reasons. There is a censor, himself a novelist of distinction, who writes pleasantly and voluminously about women in fiction, but not about Mr. Meredith's women. He neither knows nor desires to know Lucy Feverel, Rhoda Fleming, Clara Middleton, Letitia Dale, Diana and Emilia, Rose, and "The Great Mel's" daughters. He will not seek their acquaintance, apparently because they are shrouded in a style which is difficult to him. He knows delightful ladies in French, Italian, and Spanish, which languages have not deterred his curiosity. But as Mr. Meredith does not write English as it is written in Boston, this censor will have none of him. On reflection, I do not think boiling oil is necessary in this case. The critic is sufficiently punished by his deliberate isolation from some of the most enchanting creations in literature. I read not long ago in a weekly journal, much detested by Sir Walter Besant, that Mr. Meredith lacked "the gift of pellucid narrative." He has that gift, and all the others, though he has not always chosen to exercise it. In "Harry Richmond" the narrative is prodigal of all the qualities of excellence, not to mention such trifles as character and humour. The gentleman who has escaped the boiling oil this time should dip into them.

A Russian correspondent sends me an extract from an article by Henri Rochefort on "les affreux Anglais." Rochefort spent some years in England; therefore, argues my correspondent, he ought to know the English. But he has spent a great many more years in France, and, by the same reasoning, ought to know his own countrymen. And yet it was Rochefort who said that the judges of the Court of Cassation were miscreants, that they ought to have their eyelids cut off, and their eyes devoured by venomous spiders. The opinion of such a man is scarcely worth the postcard my correspondent has expended on it. Of equal value is the opinion of the writers who tell us that the British court-martial which acquitted Kritzing was afraid to follow the example of the court-martial that condemned Scheepers. It is the practice of British courts-martial to decide upon the evidence. Hence the fate of Morant and Handcock, two ruffians who disgraced the British uniform, and were shot as murderers. Does anyone deny that this was an example of even-handed justice? Scheepers was a rebel, convicted of murder. The charges against Kritzing were not proved. Our amiable censors had made up their minds that we would put Kritzing to death, with our customary brutality. As we have not done that, our discrimination is set down to guilty fear.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"BEN-HUR," AT DRURY LANE.

Although "Ben-Hur" is a play in which the influence and the physical proximity of Christ are audaciously postulated, although this dramatic version of General Wallace's religious romance offers a story full of exciting incident, the prevailing impression left by Mr. Collins's latest Drury Lane production is one of ambitious and often beautiful spectacle. Among its many impressive pictorial effects, a panoramic view of Jerusalem, a landscape of lake and palm, and an interior of a Roman galley, packed with tiers of panting oarsmen, may be mentioned. But memorable beyond all else is the great circus-scene, which, with its quartette of four-horsed chariot racing in a dim atmosphere of dust, is a marvel of stage-illusion. Even with this the sensational elements of the piece are not exhausted. Ben-Hur, the Jewish Prince (played with rare personal charm by Mr. Robert Taber), has suffered tribulations as a galley-slave, has attained wealth and power, has conquered his malignant Roman enemy in the chariot-race, but he has still to find his lost mother and sister, while these victims of tyranny—lepers, alas!—have still to be cured by the Prophet of Nazareth. Some slight alterations of the closing tableaux will remove all ground of offence, and then "Ben-Hur," capably acted as it is by a company which includes such resonant players as Mr. Dodson, Mr. Valentine, Mr. Basil Gill, Miss Maud Milton, and Miss Constance Collier, should secure popularity.

"MERRIE ENGLAND," AT THE SAVOY.

In "Merrie England" the collaboration of Messrs. Basil Hood and Edward German has effected an exceptionally artistic production. The story of the new Savoy opera, which deals with the romance of Sir Walter Raleigh and Bessie Throckmorton, is extremely slight, and somewhat disrespectful to Queen Elizabeth, though it gives good vocal opportunities to Mr. Evett as a tenor Raleigh, Mr. Lytton as a yeoman-praising Essex, and Miss Brandram as the gorgeously dressed Queen. The humour, again, of the comedian "of Shakspeare's company," who, in the person of quaint Mr. Passmore, would have the Bard's dramas musical, is certainly over-inclined to bookish quips and laboured puns. Still, the general atmosphere of the work is as bright as its own May morning; the Elizabethan costumes and greenwood scenery furnish lovely pictures; the pathetic country maid of Miss Pounds and the love-sick Court lady of Miss Fraser present alike in song and in aspect a pretty contrast; and the present May Day revellers maintain a constant riot of dance and masque and chorus. We deal with the music elsewhere.

"ALL ON ACCOUNT OF ELIZA," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

For just half the length of its three acts, Mr. Leo Dietrichstein's new American comedy, "All on Account of Eliza," now staged at the Shaftesbury Theatre, proves idyllic and pretty in the proper sense of those much-abused terms, combines true sentiment and kindly humour in happy avoidance of sentimentality and buffoonery. There is a refreshing actuality in its representation of the village drug store and a gossiping crowd of spiteful dames, all jealous of a dainty little town-bred schoolmistress. There is a touch of pathos in the stuttering marriage proposal of the grey-haired German School Board president, whose youthful son has won the heroine's affections. Curiously enough, two graduates of American extravaganzas, Mr. James E. Sullivan and Miss Madge Lessing, enact the principal rôles of the elderly wooer and the smart schoolmistress, and do so with much delicacy and feeling. But suddenly, half-way through the second act, the whole tone of the play changes, and we have an invading flood of all the most exasperating banalities of Transatlantic musical farce.

"MY PRETTY MAID," AT TERRY'S.

Robertsonian comedy, very much diluted—such is Captain Hood's new piece produced last week at Terry's—to be reckoned, even among artificial plays of sentiment, as one of the thinnest. Compared with "School," which it faintly resembles (its objectionable usher is a second Krux), "My Pretty Maid" is as milk-and-water to, say, tea and bread-and-butter. Fortunately, the interpretation is altogether acceptable, with Mr. Edward Terry repeating his quaint and jerky mannerisms, with Mr. Fred Kerr exhibiting his customary nonchalance in the rôle of the peer, with Mr. Denny, Mr. Hallard, and Mr. Dennis Eadie well cast, and with Miss Sybil Carlisle an entirely winsome representative of the "pretty maid."

"THE TOREADOR," REVISED AT THE GAIETY.

With its second act remodelled and a complete set of new songs and dances introduced, "The Toreador" has become the merriest and briskest of current musical comedies. That droll sham toreador, Mr. Edmund Payne, now obtains due and generous support. Mr. Grossmith junior joins him in a laughable duet of the "East End and the West," and romps through the cake-walk with infinite spirit. Miss Connie Ediss—quintessence of Cockney humour—has two new ditties; the latest heroine—Miss Ethel Sydney—supplies, with Mr. Mackinder's assistance, several cruelly clever burlesques of favourite entertainers; while quite a bevy of sprightly Gaiety girls can each one dance and sing pleasantly.

"A WOMAN OF IMPULSE," AT THE PRINCESS'S, KENNINGTON.

Shifting on to the heroine the responsibility for the improbabilities of a machine-made story concerned with the plots of foreign spies and the treachery of English War Office officials, Mr. Victor Widnell styles the hapless victim of his new drawing-room melodrama "A Woman of Impulse," and compels her to take the usual imbecile steps to shield one traitor—her rascally old father—from being blackmailed by that other and double-dyed traitor, the villain. The play produced at Kennington is effective enough in its old-fashioned way, and Miss Lily Hall Caine as the heroine displays considerable intensity in the inevitable scene of supposed assignation. But for all that "A Woman of Impulse" had better restrain any impulse to migrate to the West End.

THE KING'S CRUISE.

The King left Victoria for his yachting holiday on March 27, and travelled by special train to Portsmouth, where his Majesty boarded the *Victoria and Albert* and steered for Cowes. There the King remained for several days, paying many visits in the Isle of Wight. On April 3 his Majesty brought his stay in Cowes Roads to an end, and at ten o'clock in the morning the *Victoria and Albert*, escorted by the *Minerva* and a gun-boat, steamed westwards. His Majesty landed on the Dorset coast at the picturesque cove of Lulworth, and proceeded to Lulworth Castle, the seat of the Weld family, where he lunched and spent several hours. On his return, the King re-embarked and sailed to Portland Roads, where he was welcomed by a royal salute. On the following day the yacht remained anchored at Portland Roads, and about noon his Majesty landed and paid a visit to Portland Convict Prison, where he was received by the Governor. The King made a minute inspection of the prison, and took away with him two specimens of bread made by the convicts. Having returned to the yacht for luncheon, the King again landed, and visited Whitehead's Torpedo Works, over which he was conducted by Captain Payne-Gallwey and Mr. Frank Dodd, the manager. On Saturday morning the royal yacht left Portland, and the King paid a surprise visit to Plymouth. As soon as the yacht had cast anchor, Admiral Lord Charles Scott, Lieutenant-General Sir William Butler, and Vice-Admiral Sir T. S. Jackson went on board. Royal salutes were fired, and the King, landing at the Royal William Victualling Yard, proceeded to the Winter Villa, East Stone House, the residence of the Hon. Arthur Liddell, where he took tea. On Sunday morning prayers were read on board the yacht by the Hon. Hedworth Lambton. In the afternoon the King went for a cruise up the river Tamar on the Commander-in-Chief's barge. During the day the party was joined by the Hon. St. John Brodrick. On the morning of April 7 the *Victoria and Albert* left Plymouth, bound for the Scilly Isles, which were reached at four o'clock in the afternoon. Before the yacht sailed his Majesty presented a diamond pin to Chief Petty Officer Callaway, who had steered the barge on which the King took his water trip at Plymouth. Upon his arrival at the Scilly Isles, the King anchored in St. Mary's Roadstead, and the Governor of the islands, Mr. T. A. Dorrien Smith, came on board and afterwards had the honour of entertaining his Majesty at Tresco. Tresco Abbey stands on the site of a religious house founded in the tenth century and annexed in the time of Henry I. to Tavistock Abbey. The vegetation of the islands is sub-tropical. The aloe flourishes in great luxuriance, and eucalyptus and camphor trees are also grown.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES'S JOURNEY TO DENMARK.

On April 2 the Prince and Princess of Wales left London for Copenhagen, whither Queen Alexandra had preceded them, to take part in the celebration of the King of Denmark's birthday. Their Royal Highnesses left Charing Cross Station at 9.30 a.m., and proceeded to Dover, where they embarked on board the *Empress*. Large crowds lined the promenade of the Admiralty Pier and its approaches, and the royal travellers were enthusiastically cheered. Just before the Prince of Wales crossed the gangway of the steamer, the little son of Colonel Hyslop, commanding the Royal Engineer South-Eastern District, presented her Royal Highness with a bouquet. The sunshine was brilliant and the sea only slightly ruffled. The Prince and Princess remained on deck during the whole of the voyage, and their arrival at Calais was witnessed by an enormous crowd. They travelled to Denmark by way of Brussels.

MR. RHODES' COLLEGE.

Oriel College, Oxford, of which Mr. Cecil Rhodes was a member, and to which he has left £100,000, was founded in 1326 by Edward II. To this pious act the monarch was prompted and aided by his almoner, Adam de Brome. Of the original college, which was dedicated to St. Mary, some remains are pointed out in the undistinguished-looking buildings which abut on Grove Street. These are now auxiliary to the kindly offices of the kitchen. The present beautiful front of the hall and the chapel date from the time of Charles I., and the porch, famous in summer for its wealth of flowers, was recently restored by the Senior Treasurer, Mr. Charles Lancelot Shadwell. The porch, as shown in our Illustration, appears as it was in Mr. Rhodes' undergraduate days. In the hall hangs the picture of another great alumnus who was also a founder of Empire, Sir Walter Raleigh. Among the famous Fellows of Oriel were Coplestone, Whately, Keble, Newman, Pusey, and Matthew Arnold. Newman's rooms were those in the second storey, to the extreme right of our picture. The present head of the college is Mr. D. B. Monro, the great Homeric scholar, who last year became Vice-Chancellor of the University.

PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Ritchie had the satisfaction of getting his Licensing Bill read a second time the day the House of Commons reassembled after Easter. The debate turned chiefly upon the clause which places grocers' licenses in the hands of the magistrates. Hitherto they have been granted by the Inland Revenue. It was objected that the change would make the license a vested interest like that of the publican, and some day raise anew the question of compensation. Some temperance advocates complained that this part of the grocer's business stimulated secret drinking; but this view was not shared by Mr. Caine. The Bill provides for the registration of clubs, and throws upon the publican the onus of proving that he is not responsible for the condition of drunken people traced to his premises. Mr. Ritchie said that if the temperance party would consent to a compromise on the principle of

compensation for extinguished licenses, the whole liquor question could be settled on a satisfactory basis. In the absence of such a compromise he could not deal with compensation in this Bill. He explained that there would be no unnecessary interference with properly conducted clubs, and where inspection was deemed expedient, it would be carried out under a magistrate's warrant.

The House resumed the consideration of the Procedure Rules. Mr. Balfour made a fresh proposal for the treatment of questions to Ministers. By this arrangement all questions will be disposed of by three o'clock in the afternoon. The rule substituting Friday morning sitting for Wednesday morning was adopted. Precedence for Government business every day except Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, also for Tuesday evening after Easter, and Friday after Whit Sunday, was discussed as an innovation which would complete the destruction of private members' rights, and place unfettered despotism in the hands of the Executive.

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The German Empire of To-day: Outlines of its Formation and Development. Veritas. (Longmans, Green. 6s.)
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PERSONAL.

Mr. Chamberlain has appealed for funds to restore the property of the artisan families driven out of Johannesburg by the war. Their houses were looted, and they cannot return until the loss of furniture is made good. It is estimated that there are a thousand families in this position, and that £50,000, or furniture of that value, will be needed to make the homes of these poor refugees habitable again.

There are rumours of an electric railway from London to Brighton, the journey to occupy twenty minutes. The very thought of it is vertigo!

Major-General Sir John F. D. Donnelly died, April 5, at his residence in South Kensington. Born sixty-eight



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR JOHN DONNELLY,
Secretary Science and Art Department.

years ago, he began his career as a soldier, and, joining the Royal Engineers, he served with distinction in the Crimea. In 1857, however, he was told off for duties at the South Kensington Museum, and remained henceforth in civil employment. In 1884 he was made Secretary to the Science and Art Department, a post he held till 1899. His later official days were darkened by the House of Commons Committee Inquiry, which, while appointed ostensibly to investigate the methods and cost of administering the South Kensington Museum, in effect, as pointed out by Sir John Gorst, practically put Sir John Donnelly upon his trial. The Committee sat through two Parliamentary Sessions, and after it had reported, the Duke of Devonshire and Sir John Gorst presented a Minute to both Houses of Parliament, in which they stated that the Report contained "many inaccuracies and some inconsistencies," and with regard to the passages which appeared to reflect on individual officers, declared that "they retain the fullest confidence in Sir John Donnelly."

Dr. Joseph Parker declares in the *Times* that if the Education Bill should pass, Nonconformists must refuse to pay the school rates. If this method of protest against legislation were sound, it would justify any citizen in refusing to pay any tax he happened to disapprove. Quakers might refuse to pay for the maintenance of the Army and Navy, and people who are opposed to the present war might refuse to pay the extra income-tax.

M. Doumer, Governor of Indo-China, has returned to France in no mood of optimism. He says that the attitude of the French is that of "a vanquished people." Where has France been "vanquished"? To the eye even of the perfidious British she seems to be holding her own in the world with strength and dignity. M. Doumer calls for immediate "action," and the sober heads among his countrymen must be wishing that he had stayed in Indo-China.

Lieutenant E. S. Clifford, of the Punjab Light Horse, has been awarded the decoration of the Distinguished Service Order.

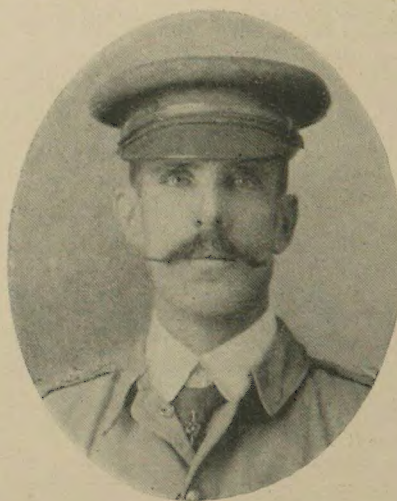


Photo. Davies.
LIEUTENANT E. S. CLIFFORD,
New D.S.O.

In the June of last year he was attached to the West Australians, some of whom have had special opportunities to display their courage and fitness as scouts. It was to Lieutenant Clifford that the charge of these scouts was confided—a post which meant a good deal in the offer and in the acceptance of it. Some of the Colonial troops have been a little critical of the more conventional type of warrior sent forth by the Motherland; but they did not find in Lieutenant Clifford a red-tapist or a devotee of pipe-clay. He did his work as scout by day and by night, especially by night; with the result that he was twice mentioned for going out with a handful of men, surrounding farms, and bringing in Boer prisoners.

Mr. Kruger's eldest son, and many members of his numerous family, have taken the oath of allegiance. It is not every Boer who can find Mr. Kruger's comfortable assurance in the Book of Amos.

The *Indépendance Belge* declares that the prolongation of the war is now an act of madness on the part of the Boer leaders. This is a welcome change of opinion at Brussels, and shows that the true character of Dr. Leyds is apparent at last to some of his quondam admirers.

Desperate efforts are made by the Boer wirepullers to persuade their Continental friends that it is not Mr. Schalk Burger who is seeking peace, but the

British Government. At the same time, Dr. Leyds has invented a fresh batch of British "atrocities." This move is eminently characteristic. It promptly follows the execution of the two criminal officers of the Bushveld Carabineers, Dr. Leyds evidently hoping that these offences will give colour to his fabrications.

Lord Methuen is now accused of having "persecuted" the wife and mother of General Delarey! Similar lies are freely circulated under Delarey's ostensible authority. It is incredible that this admirable soldier should be capable of the meanness attributed to him by his friends in Europe.

The Governor of Louisiana has reported to the Government at Washington that there is a "British camp" at Chalmette, near New Orleans. The alleged "camp" is a British remount station, and by the American law British officers have a perfect right to ship horses and mules to South Africa. This does not please the American Pro-Boers, and some of them are hoping that trouble may be made between America and Great Britain by attacks on the "camp" at Chalmette.

An attempt has been made to assassinate General Trepoff, Chief of Police at Moscow. He was fired upon by a woman. It is said that a second attempt on his life happened a few days later. Twenty-four years ago a police commissioner of the same name was wounded by Vera Sassoulitch, the Nihilist. There seems to be a grim continuity in the name of Trepoff.

The death of the Earl of Kimberley, K.G., took place on April 8, and ended a long and hard struggle for life of many months' duration. He kept his seventy-sixth birthday last January under conditions of health which left no hope that he could live another year; yet his strength rallied wonderfully from time to time, postponing the catastrophe it could not avert. By his departure the Liberal Party loses its leader in the House of Lords; and to the political regrets of his friends are now added the personal regrets of the whole House,

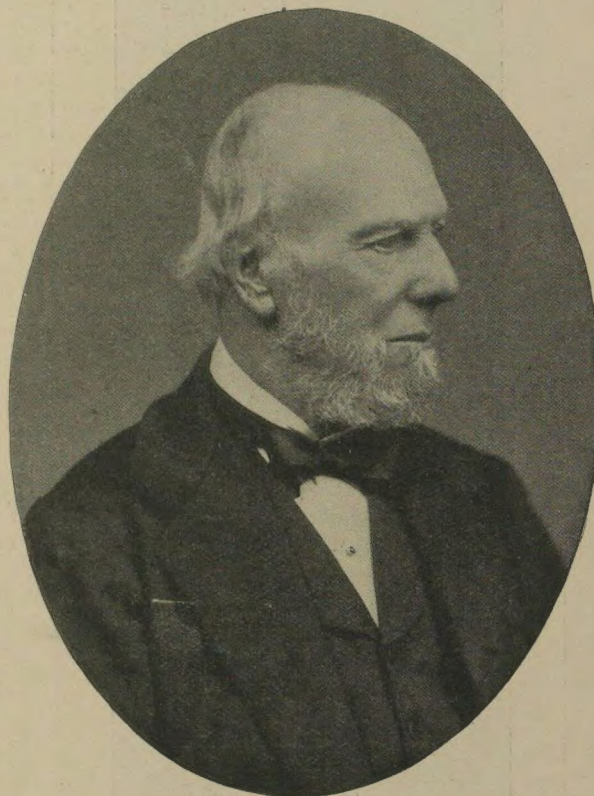


Photo. Maull and Fox.
THE LATE LORD KIMBERLEY,
LIBERAL LEADER IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

and, indeed, the whole nation. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, he succeeded his grandfather as Baron Wodehouse in 1846, and was raised to the Earldom of Kimberley twenty years later. Meanwhile, he had served Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and had been to St. Petersburg as Envoy. Besides other posts he held in the now seemingly distant 'sixties was his Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. In the early 'seventies, and again in the early 'eighties, he was Mr. Gladstone's Secretary of State for the Colonies. Afterwards he served in three Administrations as Secretary of State for India, until, in 1894, when Lord Rosebery became Premier, he took the portfolio for Foreign Affairs. When the Liberals left office and Lord Rosebery retired from the leadership of the Liberals, Lord Kimberley became the natural head of the party; and the high tribute paid to him in that capacity from both sides of the House is still fresh in the public memory.

The appalling disaster at Glasgow shows that the practice of watching football may be more dangerous to life and limb than the game itself. There were as many killed and wounded at Glasgow as in a hotly contested action in the Transvaal. Proper precautions at Glasgow might have averted the disaster, but the craving for football as a spectacle has become such a delirium that it seems impossible to deprive it of all risk.

Glasgow is torn by a controversy about barmaids. The magistrates seem resolved to suppress this form of female labour. Waitresses are upheld, but barmaids are doomed. The ethical distinction between a waitress and a barmaid is employing the Scottish faculty for moral philosophy.

M. de Witte, the Russian Finance Minister, is said to be the author of the Manchurian Convention, by which Russia undertakes to evacuate Manchuria. It is suggested that M. de Witte wants to raise a loan, which operation will be greatly facilitated by the unexpectedly moderate turn of Russian diplomacy in the Far East.

It is reported that foreign envoys who are guests at the Coronation will have their expenses paid by the British Government for a fortnight. This consideration will not include the expenses of wives and families. On the other hand, it is thought likely that foreign Governments will intimate, with diplomatic delicacy, that they prefer to meet all the expenditure of their representatives.

M. Georges Clémenceau has returned to Parliamentary life. Four years ago he lost his seat in the Chamber, and now he has been elected to the Senate. As he has always attacked the Senate, his new position has a touch of irony. For some time past M. Clémenceau has published a journal entitled *Le Bloc*, written entirely by himself.

Professor John M. D. Meiklejohn, of St. Andrews University, who had been in precarious health for some time, died, April 5, at Ashford, Kent, after an attack of influenza, in the seventy-second year of his age. He was a native of Edinburgh, and at the University there he won the gold medal for Latin. He had experiences as a teacher, as a lecturer, and as a war-correspondent, being arrested during the Danish-Prussian War as a spy, and afterwards in Russia, where he was mistaken for a Jew. Returning to Scotland, he took a post on the Endowed Schools Commission for Scotland in 1874, and two years later was appointed to the new Chair of Education set up in St. Andrews University by Dr. Bell's trustees. Many of his school-books have attained a wide circulation; and his translation of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" is well known. He was something of a politician, and stood for Parliament as a Gladstonian Liberal for a division of Glasgow in 1886. One of the Professor's sons, Captain Meiklejohn, of the Gordon Highlanders, was awarded the Victoria Cross for gallantry at Elands-laagte.

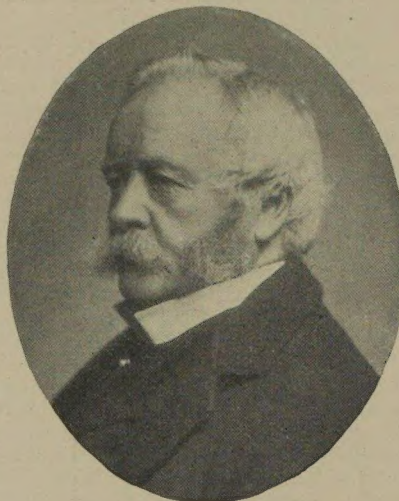


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE PROFESSOR MEIKLEJOHN,
Of St. Andrews University.

Miss Cecilia Loftus, who is engaged by Sir Henry Irving to play Margaret in the revival of "Faust" at the Lyceum, has been released from her prior contract to appear at the Alhambra. From "imitations" at a music-hall to the dignity of leading lady at the Lyceum is a leap. The flying trapeze is nothing to it. But years have passed since Miss Loftus used to "imitate," and in the interval she has made great progress in dramatic art.

"The Dictionary of National Biography" has made its appearance as a wedding present. It was given by Mr. Arthur Balfour to Miss Pamela Plowden, now Countess of Lytton. Wedding presents often duplicate themselves. Fancy the feelings of a bride who receives two or three sets of "The Dictionary of National Biography"!

The death of Mr. William Nicholl, F.R.A.M., took place on April 1 at his residence, 46, Canfield Gardens.

Some months ago he was taken ill, but after a trip to Barbados he partially recovered, and returned home. A bronchial trouble and an affection of the heart, however, set in, and he passed away quietly in his sleep. The eldest son of Mr. Peter Nicholl, C.E., of Calcutta, he was educated at Glasgow Academy, and then proceeded to India as an engineer, working in his father's firm of Burn and Co., on various great railways and harbours. In 1884 he joined the Royal Academy of Music, winning the Parepa-Rosa Gold Medal two years later, and soon becoming popular as a tenor singer at leading festivals and Popular Concerts. Among the floral tributes laid around his grave at Kensal Green Cemetery was one which bore the inscription: "In affectionate remembrance of a staunch friend and loyal comrade, from his brethren of the Savage Club."



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. WILLIAM NICHOLL,
The Eminent Singer.

M. Santos Dumont has bidden farewell to Europe, and gone home to Brazil. When next he appears among us he may perform the journey through the air, and silence caviol once for all.

The Great Eastern Railway Company opened a new station at Newmarket on the Cambridge side of the old station, and about a quarter of a mile nearer the race-course, on April 7. Long platforms have been constructed, the up and down platforms being connected by means of a subway. The whole of the buildings, platforms, and roadways are lighted by electricity, and the approaches on both sides are of a very spacious character.

THE MOTOR-CYCLE TRIALS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, APRIL 5.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



A TRAVELLING FORT FOR COAST DEFENCE: THE NEW SIMMS WAR-MOTOR, EXHIBITED BY MESSRS. VICKERS, MAXIM AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, APRIL 4

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GLASGOW DISASTER.

On Saturday, April 5, while the International Association Football match between England and Scotland was being played at Ibrox Park, Govan, Glasgow, a disaster occurred in which at least twenty-three persons lost their lives. The ground, which was laid out two years ago at a cost of more than £20,000, was regarded as one of the finest arenas for athletic sports in the United Kingdom. In general construction and in extent it was not unlike the Circus Maximus at Rome. It is oblong, with rounded ends, and on all sides rise tiers to the height of about 30 ft. The central part on each side of the arena is occupied by covered stands, but the terracing at each end is open to the weather. The whole enclosure can accommodate about 86,500 persons. About the time the play began



1/2 ANNA. 2 1/2 ANNAS.

A RESULT OF THE COMPLETION OF THE UGANDA RAILWAY: PROVISIONAL STAMPS.

heavy rain came on, and numbers of persons on the western terrace made for the covered enclosure, thus causing extreme pressure upon those nearest the arena, who were finally forced to leave the barricade and take up a position on the cycle-track, which skirts the playing-fields. About the same time the western structure gave signs of instability. It swayed and trembled, and then with a cracking and rending a yawning gap seventy feet long by fourteen feet wide opened in the platform and hundreds of people disappeared. Play was immediately stopped, and first aid was rendered to the wounded by ambulance parties and by many doctors who happened to be on the ground. So vast was the concourse, however, that the magnitude of the disaster was not realised, and in order to prevent the trouble and probable further disaster which would have resulted from the abandonment of the match, the game was resumed and carried to a finish. Meanwhile the dead and dying had been removed, and it was found that in many cases the injuries were of a terrible nature. The injured numbered over 250.

THE FIRE AT EUSTON HALL.

Euston Hall, Thetford, the Suffolk seat of the Duke of Grafton, was seriously damaged by a fire which broke out,



Photos. Mrs. Devereux Broughton.

THE FIRE AT EUSTON HALL, APRIL 5: THE STATE-BED-ROOM AND PAINTED CEILING, NOW DESTROYED.

apparently, in the roof of the main building on April 5. The north and south wings are intact, but of the main building only the walls remain. The fire was discovered at about half-past eight in the morning, and the alarm, sent in all directions, was answered from Bury St. Edmunds, Elvedon Hall, and Thetford. Finding it impossible to save the main building from destruction, the firemen confined their efforts to the wings. The picture-gallery and the sculpture were unhurt. Euston Hall was a red-brick building in the Old English style, and was faced with white stone. The approach from the west is by a splendid wooden bridge over the Thet.

PROVISIONAL STAMPS FOR UGANDA.

The completion of the Uganda Railway has resulted in the issue of two new postage-stamps, necessitated by the reduction of the rates of postage from 4 to 2 1/2 annas in the case of letters, and from 1 to 1/2 anna in the case of circulars. Pending the arrival of permanent stamps, a small supply of 1/2 and 2 1/2 anna stamps of the British East Africa Protectorate has been obtained from Mombasa, and overprinted "Uganda." The specimens of these provisional stamps, which we illustrate, were sent to us by Ewen's Colonial Stamp Market, Norwood.

THE ORON AND ARO CAMPAIGNS.

It is announced that the Aro Campaign is now terminated, Major Hodson and the gun-boat *Thrush* having successfully co-operated. The officers on special service left on April 5, and the detachments from Northern Nigeria and Lagos are to return to their own colonies immediately. Our photographs are of the Oron Expedition, which preceded that against the Aros. They serve excellently to show the natural difficulties against which our men have had to contend in forcing their way through the enemy's country. The incident which caused the despatch of a punitive expedition against the Orons was, there is little doubt, inspired by the Aros, who for long held almost absolute sway from the Niger Delta up to the Benue River.

MOTOR-CARS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A demonstration of a new engine of destruction, the Simms War Motor-Car, was given at the Crystal Palace on April 4. The car, which is primarily designed for coast-defence, was built to the order of Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, and is protected by a covering of bullet-proof armour, flattened at the sides, and having a ram at either end. A 20-horse power four-cylinder petrol engine drives the six-ton car at a speed not exceeding twelve miles an hour. Its armament consists of two pom-poms and two automatic quick-firing guns, while it can carry 10,000 rounds of ammunition and sufficient fuel for a 500 miles run. Its length is 28 ft. On the Saturday a series of motor-cycle trials was held in the grounds under the auspices of the Metropolitan District Association of the Cyclists' Touring Club and Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, to correct statistics as to fuel-consumption and speed in hill-climbing. The programme was opened with a twenty-mile speed run, which was followed by a number of hill-climbing tests.

THE DALHAM HALL ESTATE.

The bequest of Dalham Hall estate by the late Cecil Rhodes to Colonel Francis Rhodes and his heirs male has caused considerable comment by reason of the stringent conditions against "loafing" enforced upon

the inheritors of the land. Dalham Hall, which is situated in a well-wooded park about six miles from Newmarket, was recently purchased by Mr. Rhodes for between £100,000 and £110,000. It is an imposing mansion, in the Georgian style, was erected in 1704 by Bishop Patrick, then Bishop of Ely, and was for over two centuries the residence of the Affleck family. With a southern aspect, it commands charming views



Photo. Crabb.

THE OLD ROYAL YACHT "ROYAL GEORGE," TO BE BROKEN UP OR SOLD.

This yacht conveyed Queen Adelaide to Germany, and Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to Scotland in 1842.

over an undulating and delightfully wooded estate of about 3475 acres, and is, in fact, a typical English residence on a typical English sporting estate.

THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

The effective fighting fleet of the United States of America, according to "Whitaker's" for this year, consists of nine first-class and one third-class battleship; six coast-defence ships; four first-class, ten second-class, and five third-class cruisers; three torpedo-boat destroyers; three first-class torpedo-boats, and one submarine. In addition to these she is building eight first-class battle-ships, four coast-defence ships, nine first and second class cruisers, seventeen torpedo-boat destroyers, a torpedo-boat, and seven submarines.

CANADIAN SOLDIERS AT NEW YORK.

New York as well as London has its annual military tournament, and the present year's display was opened on March 25 at Madison Square Garden. One of the most splendid features of the opening spectacle was the march-past of the 48th Canadian Highlanders, whose uniforms in the glory of nodding plumes and swinging sporans roused the New Yorkers to wild enthusiasm. The Highlanders were headed by their bagpipes and drums, led by the tallest Drum-major ever seen in Madison Square Garden. After the march-past the regiment went through the bayonet exercise, which aroused tremendous applause. Altogether, the reception was a unique demonstration of American friendship towards British troops. Our Illustration is drawn from materials supplied by an English spectator.



THE DINING-ROOM AND PAINTED CEILING AT EUSTON HALL, NOW DESTROYED.

THE KING'S CRUISE: PLACES VISITED BY HIS MAJESTY.

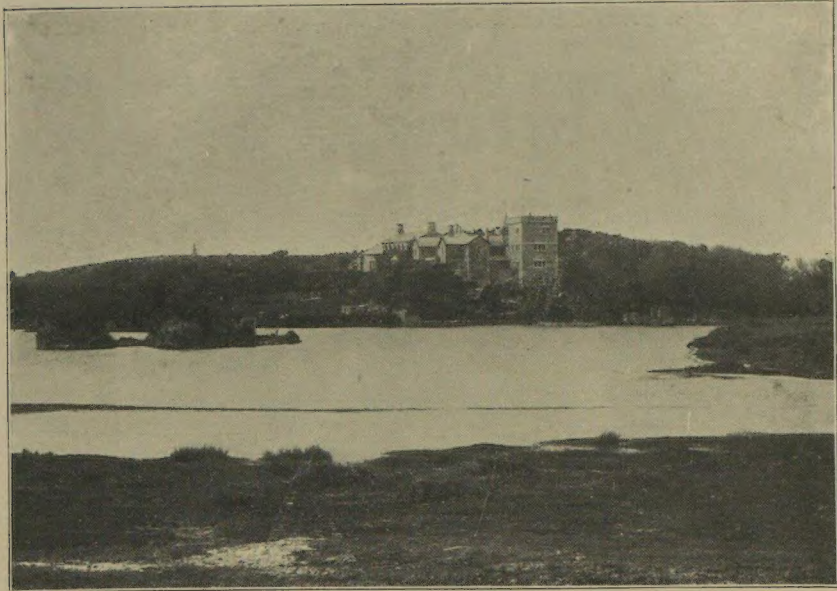


Photo. The Photochrom Co.

TRESCO ABBEY, SCILLY ISLES, VISITED APRIL 7.

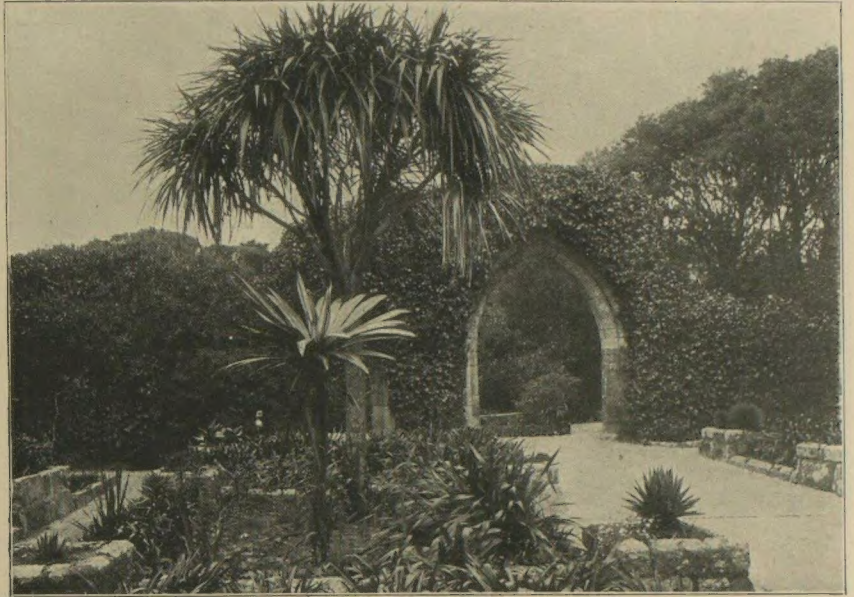


Photo. The Photochrom Co.

TRESCO ABBEY GROUNDS: THE SUB-TROPICAL PLANTS.



Photo. Kirk and Son, Corvies.

CARISBROOKE CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT, VISITED APRIL 2.

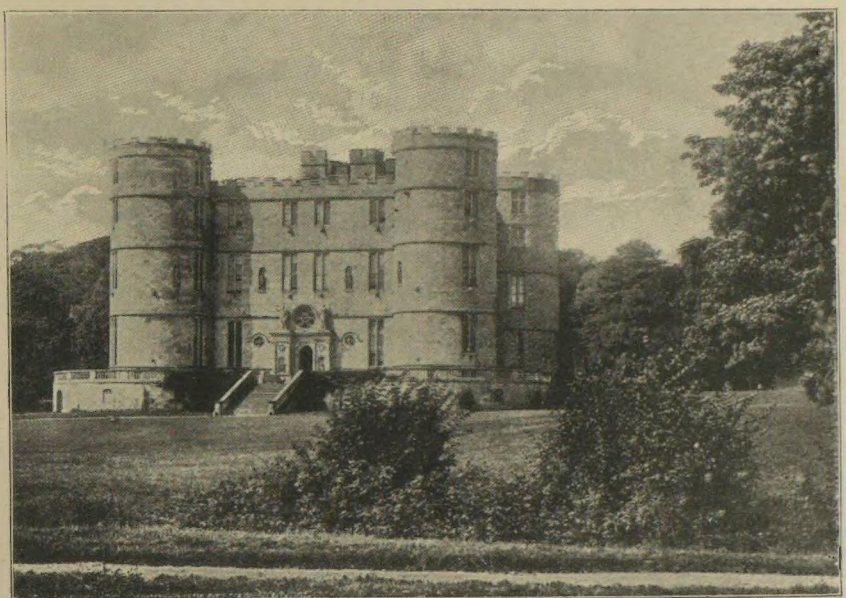
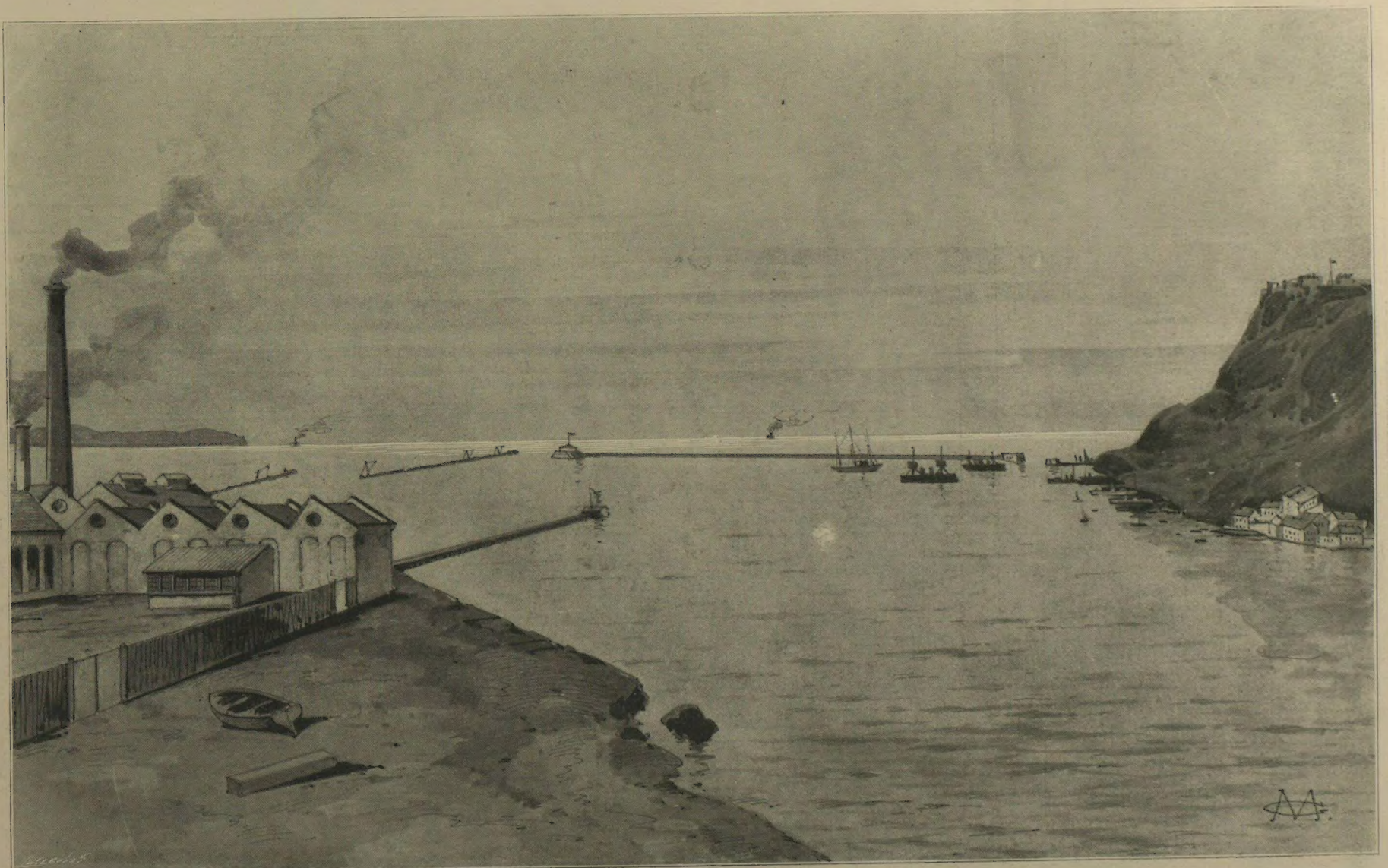


Photo. Valentine.

LULWORTH CASTLE, VISITED APRIL 3.



THE ROYAL YACHT AND HER ESCORT OFF THE TORPEDO PIER, PORTLAND, APRIL 4
FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICIAL OF MESSRS. WHITEHEADS.



Photos. supplied by Captain Payne-Gallwey.
THE MOUNTING-SHOP: PUTTING TORPEDOES TOGETHER.



ON THE RANGE: LOADING A TUBE WITH AN 18-INCH TORPEDO.

THE KING'S CRUISE: THE PORTLAND TORPEDO-WORKS, VISITED BY HIS MAJESTY ON APRIL 4.

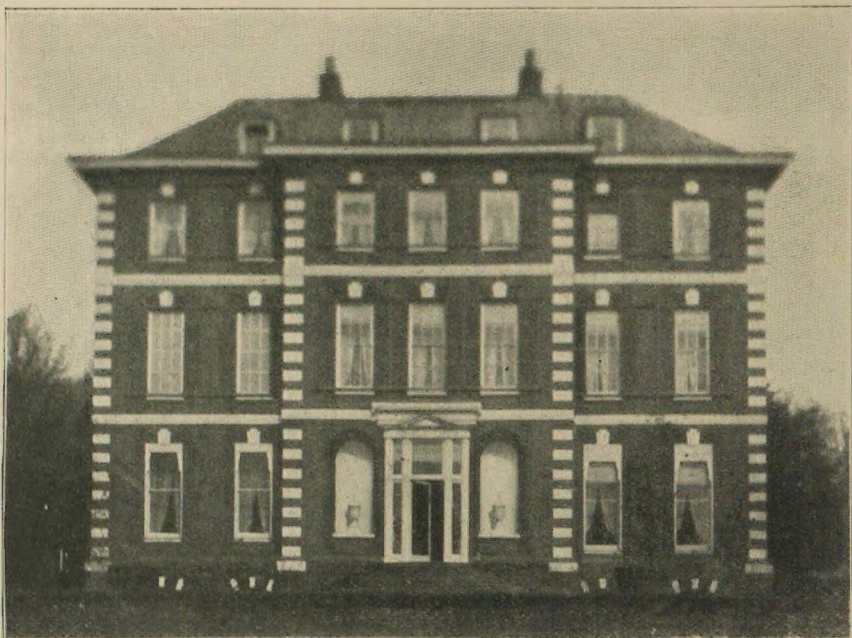
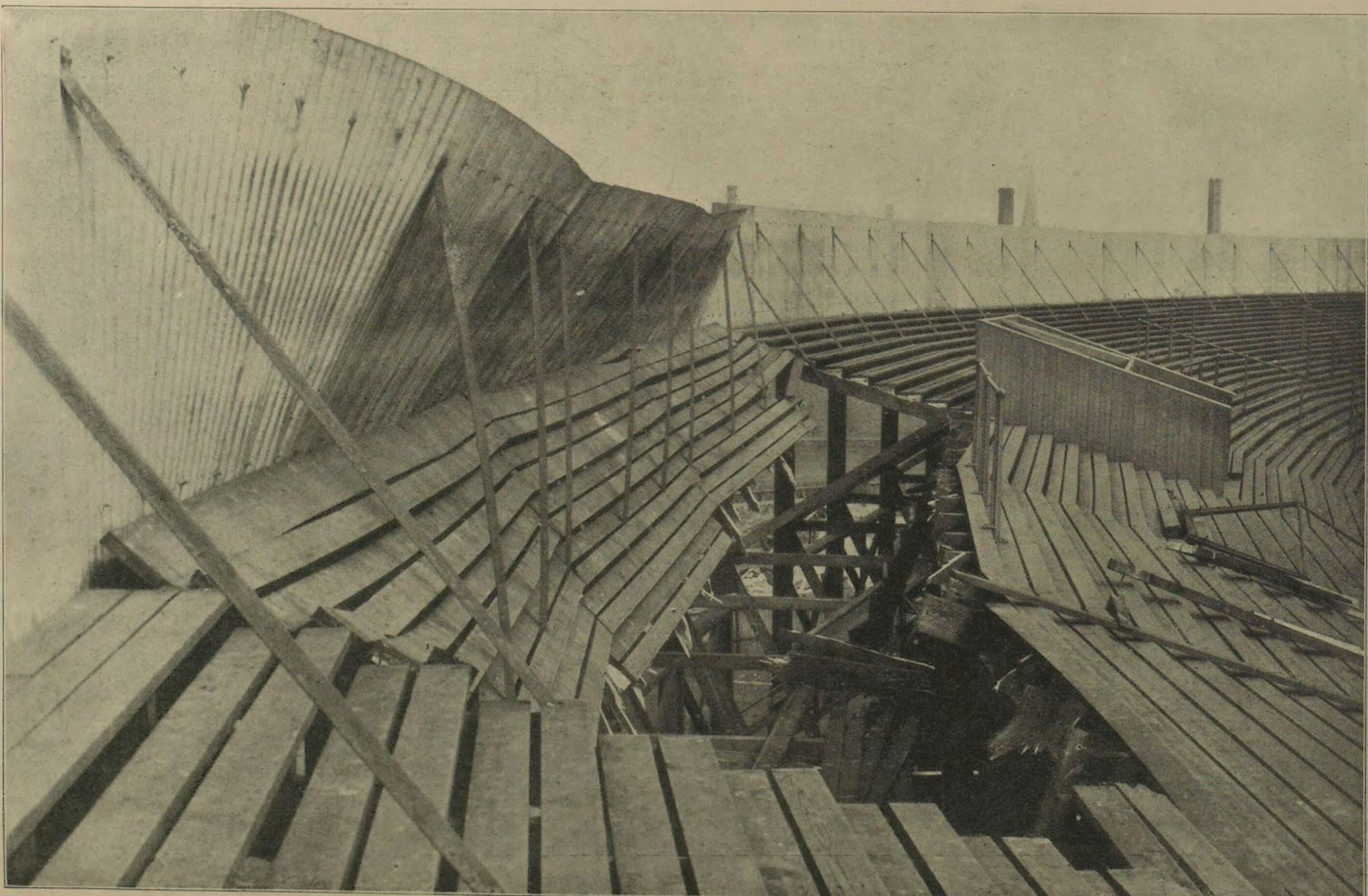


Photo. Newmarket Photo, Supply Co.
MR. RHODES' ENGLISH RESIDENCE: DALHAM HALL, NEAR NEWMARKET.



Photo. Taunt
MR. RHODES' COLLEGE: ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD, LEGATEE TO £100,000.



THE GLASGOW DISASTER: THE WRECKED TERRACING THROUGH WHICH THE VICTIMS FELL.

Photo. Langfer.

PARSON JACK'S FORTUNE.

By "Q."

*

Illustrated by Gunning King.

III.—(Continued.)

"We corresponded now and then," continued Parson Jack—"say twice a year—and of late years he dropped all mention of them, and I gathered that questions were not wanted. But the wife and children are provided for, you may depend; and there's the pension."

"You are not an executor even?"

"No. It seems there were two; but one died. The survivor, a Major Bromham, lives in Plymouth—retired, apparently, and I suppose an old friend of Lionel's. It's through his solicitors that I had the news."

"And with it the first announcement of your brother's death. It seems queer to me that this Major Bromham didn't send you a line of his own. How do the lawyers put it?"

"Oh, the barest announcement. Here it is; you can read for yourself: 'On

the instruction of our client, Major Bromham, late 16th Bengal Lancers, we have to inform you of the death by syncope at Calcutta on the 5th of July last of your brother, Lionel Flood, Esq., late of the Indian Civil Service, Assistant-Commissioner; and also that by the terms of his will, executed—so-and-so—'of which our client is the surviving executor,' etc.—all precious formal and cold-blooded. No doubt his death was telegraphed home to the newspapers, and they take it for granted that I heard or read of it."

"Perhaps." The Rector rose. "Shall we have a stroll through the stables? Afterwards you shall have a book or two to carry off."

"But look here, Kendall; I came to you as a friend, you know. It seems to me all plain sailing enough. But you seem to imply——"

"Do I? Then I am doubtless an ass."

"You think this Major Bromham should have written to me direct—I see that you do. Well, he lives no farther away than Plymouth. I might run up and call on him. Why, to be sure"—Parson Jack's brow cleared—"and he can give me the address of the wife and children."

IV.

Parson Jack walked home with a volume of Gilbert's "Survey" and another of the "Parochial History of Cornwall" under his arm, and Parker's "Glossary of Architecture" in his skirt pocket. He began that evening with the "Parochial History" article "Langona," and sat over it till midnight in a sort of rapture it would be hard to analyse. In fact, no doubt it was made up of that childish delight which most men

feel on reading in print what they know perfectly well already. "The eastern end of the north aisle is used as a vestry, and the eastern end of the south aisle is impropriated to the churchwarden's use." Yes, that was right. And the inscription on the one marble tablet was correctly given, and the legend over the south porch: "*Ego sum Janua, per me qui intrabit Servabitur.*" But the delight of recognition was mixed with that of discovery. The lower part of the tower was Early English, the upper Perpendicular (a pause here, and a reference to Parker); the nave, too, Perpendicular. Ah, then, it could only have been the upper part—the belfry—which fell in and destroyed the nave. What was the date?—1412. And

the both had been rebuilt together—on the call of Edmund Stafford, Bishop of Exeter—in the August of that year. He read on, the familiar at each step opening new by-paths into the unguessed. But the delight of delights was to hug, while he read, his purpose to change all this story of ruin, to give it a new and happier chapter, to stand out eminent among the forgotten Vicars of Langona. . . .

The book slid from his knee to the floor with a crash. He picked it up carefully, turned down the lamp, laughed to himself, and went off to bed, shivering but happy.

He awoke to fresh daydreams. Daydreams filled the next week with visions of the church in all its destined beauty. To be sure, they were extravagant enough, fantasies in which flying buttresses and flamboyant

traceries waltzed around solid Norman and rigid Perpendicular, nightmares of undigested Parker. But they kept Parson Jack happy.

He had not forgotten to answer Messrs. Cudmore's letter, thanking them for their information, and adding that he proposed to pay a visit to Plymouth, and would call upon Major Bromham, with that gentleman's leave, and discuss the legacy. They replied that their client was just then in the North of Devon on a shooting party, but would return to Plymouth by an afternoon train on the following Wednesday and grant Mr. Flood an interview.

The tone of this letter, as of the previous one, was unmistakably cold, but Parson Jack read nothing more in it than professional formality. On the Wednesday, however, when he reached Plymouth, he presented himself at Messrs. Cudmore's office, and was admitted to see the head of the firm, the manner of his reception began to puzzle him.

"Mr.—ah—Flood?" began Mr. Cudmore senior, with the faintest possible bow. "Our client, Major Bromham, is not returning until late this afternoon—by the 4.40 train, in fact. I myself dictated the letter in reply to yours, and fancied I had made it explicit."

"Oh, quite. I called merely in the hope that you would give me some further information about my brother's will; since, apart from this legacy, I know nothing."

"You must excuse me, but I prefer to leave that to the Major. In any case, the will is to be proved without delay, and may then, as you know, be inspected for a shilling."

Parson Jack, guileless man that he was, had a way of putting a straight



Here her handkerchief came into play again.

question. "I want to know," said he quietly, "why on earth you are treating me like this!"

"My dear Sir—" began the lawyer. But Parson Jack cut him short.

"I, for my part, will be plain with you. I ask to see the will simply because I know nothing of my brother's property, and wish to see how his wife and children are provided for. There is nothing extraordinary in that, surely?"

"H'm"—the lawyer pondered, eyeing him. Clearly there was something in this shabbily dressed clergyman which countered his expectations. "The person who could best satisfy you on this point would be Mrs. Flood herself; but I take it you have no desire to see her personally."

"Mrs. Flood? Do you mean my brother's wife?"

"Certainly."

"But—but is she here—in Plymouth?" Parson Jack's eyes opened wide.

"I presume so. Hoe Terrace, she informs me, has been her address for these eight years. But of course you are aware—"

"Aware, Sir? I am aware of nothing. Least of all I am aware of any reason why I should not call upon her. Hoe Terrace, did you say? What number?"

"Thirty-four. You will bear in mind that I have not advised—"

"Oh, dear me, no; you have advised nothing. Good-morning, Mr. Cudmore!" And Parson Jack, fuming, found himself in the street.

He filled and lit his pipe, to sooth his humour. But he forgot that the clergy of Plymouth do not as a rule smoke clay pipes in the public streets, and the attention he excited puzzled and angered him yet further. He set it down to his threadbare coat and rustic boots. It was in no sweet mood that he strode up Hoe Terrace, eyeing the numbers above the doors, and halted at length to knock out his pipe before a house with an unpainted area-railing, to which a small boy in ragged knickerbockers was engaged in attaching with a string the tail of a protesting puppy.

"I shouldn't do that if I were you," said Parson Jack, rapping the bowl of his pipe against his boot-heel.

"I don't suppose you would," retorted the small boy.

"But then there's some parsons wouldn't smoke a clay."

Before Parson Jack could discover a repartee the door opened and a young man with a weak chin and bright yellow boots came out laughing, followed by a good-looking girl, who turned on the step to close the door behind her. Although in black, she was outrageously over-dressed. An enormous black feather nodded above her "picture" hat, and with one hand she held up her skirt, revealing a white embroidered petticoat deplorably stained with mud.

In the act of turning she caught sight of the small boy, and at once began to rate him.

"Haven't I told you fifty times to let that dog alone? Go indoors this instant and get yourself cleaned! For my part, I don't know what Tillotson means, letting you out of school so early."

"I haven't been to school," the boy announced, catching at a dirty sheet of newspaper which fluttered against the railing, and nonchalantly folding it into a cocked hat.

"Your mumps have been all right for a week. There's not the slightest risk of infection, and you know it. You don't tell me you've persuaded mother—"

"I haven't said a word to her," the boy interrupted. "It isn't mumps; it's these breeches. If you can't find time to darn 'em, I'm not going to school till somebody can."

The young man tittered, and the girl—with a toss of her head and a glance at Parson Jack, who was pretending to tie his bootlace—accepted defeat.

"Where did you pick up that puppy?" asked Parson Jack, after watching the pair up the street.

"What's that to you?"

"Nothing at all; only I'm a judge of wire-haired terriers, and he has a touch of breed somewhere. Well, if you won't answer that question, I'll try you with another. Is that Gertrude—or Ada?" He nodded up the street.

"That's Ada. Gertrude is indoors, trimming a hat. You seem to know a heap about us."

"Not much; but I'm going to call and find out more if I can. You're Richard, I suppose?"

"Dick, for short. Ring the bell, if you like, and I'll run round and open the door. Only don't say I didn't warn you." This sounded like an absurd echo of the lawyer, and set Parson Jack smiling. "We don't subscribe to anything, or take any truck in parsons; and the slavey has a whitlow on her finger, and mother's having fits over the cooking. But come in, if you want to."

"Thank you, I will."

While Parson Jack ascended to the front door and rang at the bell, Dick skipped down the area steps, and presently opened to him with a mock start of surprise. "Beg your pardon," said he, "but I took you for the rates, or the broker's man." He winked as he ushered in the visitor. The running click of a sewing-machine sounded above stairs, and up from the basement floated an aroma of fried onions, and filled the passage.

"First turning to the right!" admonished the boy, and stepping past him to the head of the basement stairs, called down: "Mother! I say, mother, here's a gentleman to see you!"

"Then," came the answer, "tell Gerty to step down and find out what he wants. I'm busy."

Parson Jack discreetly shut the door, and fell to studying the not overclean drawing-room, which was tricked out with muslin draperies, cheap Japanese fans, photographs—mostly of officers in the uniform of the Royal Marines—and such artistic trifles as painted tambourines, sabots, drain-pipes, and milking-stools. In one wicker-chair—the wicker daubed with royal-red enamel—lay a banjo; in another was curled a sleeping terrier—indubitable mother of the puppy outside. Near the door stood a piano with a comic opera score on the music-rest, open at No. 12, "I'm a Cheery Fusileery, Oh!" and on its rosewood top an ash-tray full of cigarette-ends, and a shaded lamp, the base of which needed wiping.

The terrier awoke, yawned, and was waddling down from its couch to make friends, when Master Dick returned.

"Mother wants to know who you are and what's your business. Gerty wouldn't come down when she heard you weren't Jack Phillips."

"Then tell your mother that I am your uncle, John Flood. That will satisfy her, perhaps."

"Whe—ew!" Dick took him in from top to toe, in a long incredulous stare; but turned and went without another word.

It may have been five minutes before the door opened and Mrs. Flood entered, with an air nicely balanced between curiosity, *hauteur*, and injured innocence—a shabby-genteel woman, in a widow's cap and a black cashmere gown which had been too near the frying-pan.

"Good morning."

Mrs. Flood bowed stiffly, not to say stonily, folded her wrists accurately in front of her, over her waistband, and waited.

"I am John Flood, you know—poor-Lionel's brother. I have just come from Cudmore and Cudmore's, the solicitors, to talk with you, if I may, about this will. It seems that I have a legacy, but beyond this I know nothing, and indeed until Messrs. Cudmore wrote I wasn't even aware of an illness."

Mrs. Flood's eyes seemed to answer, if such a thing could be said in a ladylike way, that he might tell that to the Marines. But without relenting their hostility, she took occasion to mop them.

"It was a cruel will," she murmured. "My husband and I had differences; in fact, we have lived apart for many years. Still—" She broke off. "You know, of course, that he went wrong—took to living with natives and adopted their horrible ways—in the end, I believe, turned Hindu."

"God bless my soul! But he used to write regularly—up to the end."

"No doubt." The two words were full of spiteful meaning, though what that meaning was Parson Jack could not guess.

"His letters gave no hint of—of this."

Again Mrs. Flood's bitter smile gave him—politely—the lie.

"He drank, too," she went on, after a cold pause. "I had always supposed it was the one thing those natives didn't do. We thought of contesting the will on the ground of undue influence and his mind being gone."

"Did Lionel leave them much, then?"

"Them?" she queried.

"His friends over there—the natives."

"He left nothing but this legacy of five thousand pounds, and the residue in equal shares to his poor family." Here her handkerchief came into play again.

"Only, as it turns out, there isn't any residue—scarcely a penny more when all is realised—except the pension, of course." Unmasking her batteries with sudden spite, she added, "Even between you I couldn't be robbed of *that*."

Parson Jack controlled himself. He was genuinely sorry for the woman. But either cheek showed a red spot and his voice shook a little as he answered, "This is a trifle gratuitous, then—your talk about undue influence." "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," replied Mrs. Flood with a small and vicious titter; not because she believed him to be guilty or that would do any good, but simply because her instinct told her it would hurt.

"That seems to close the discussion." Parson Jack bowed with honest, if clumsy, dignity. "I am sorry, Madam, for what you have told me; but my regrets had better be expressed to Major Bromham."

"Regrets indeed!" sniffed Mrs. Flood.

And these were the last words he ever heard from her. A minute later he found himself in the street, walking towards the Hoe and drawing deep breaths as his lungs felt the sea-breeze. He had not the least notion of his direction; but as he went he muttered to himself; and for a parson's his words sounded deplorably like swearing.

"Hi! hi!" called a shrill voice behind him.

He swung right about and found himself frowning down upon Master Dick.

"How did you like it?" inquired that youngster, panting. "She's a caution, the mater; but it wasn't a patch on what I've heard her promise to give you if ever she sets eyes on you."

"Indeed? How do you know, pray?"

"Why, I listened at the door, of course," was the unabashed reply. "But I don't believe a word of it; you know," he added reassuringly.

"A word of what?"

"That rot about undue influence."

"I thank you. Did you follow me to tell me this?"

"Well, I dunno. Yes, I guess I did. You're a white man; I saw that at once, though you *do* smoke a clay pipe."

"Thank you again for the reminder." Parson Jack pulled out his clay and filled it. "So I'm a white man?"

Dick nodded. "I'm not saying anything about the legacy. That's hard lines on us, of course; but I believe you. There's no chance of my being a gentleman now, like you; but"—with a wry grin—"I'm not the sort of chap to bear malice."

They had walked on through the gate leading to the Hoe, and were in full view now of the splendid panorama of the Sound.

"And why shouldn't you be a gentleman?" asked Parson Jack, halting and cocking down an eye upon this queer urchin.

"Well, there's a goodish bit against it, you'll allow. You saw what we're like at home." He looked up at Parson Jack frankly enough, but into his speech there crept a strange embarrassment, too old for his years. "I mean, you saw enough without my telling you; and I mustn't give the show away."

"No, to be sure," assented Parson Jack. "Dick, you've the makings of a good fellow," he added musingly.

But the boy's eyes had wandered to the broad sheet of water below. "Crikey, there she goes!" he cried, and jerked his arm towards an unwieldy battle-ship nosing her way out of the Hamoaze, her low bows tracing a thin line of white. For half a minute they stood watching her.

"She's ugly enough, in all conscience," commented Parson Jack.

"She's a holy terror. But perhaps you don't believe in turrets. Nor do I, to *that* extent. It's tempting Providence."

"In what way?"

"Top-hamper," said Dick shortly. "But she's a terror all the same."

"What's her name, I wonder?"

"Sakes! You don't say you don't know the old *Devastation*? Why, it's fifteen years or so since they launched her at Portsmouth, and I hear tell she'll have to be reconstructed, though even then I guess they won't trust her far at sea. She has no speed, either, for these days. Oh, she's a holy fraud!" And Master Dick poured in a broadside of expert criticism as the monster felt her way and slowly headed around the Winter Buoy into the Smeaton Pass.

"Nevertheless, you wouldn't object to be on board of her?"

"Don't!" The boy's eyes had filled on a sudden.

"You mayn't mean it, but it—it hurts."

Four hours later, in the early dusk, Parson Jack stepped into the street, after shaking hands with Major Bromham at the door. What is more, the Major stood bareheaded in the doorway for some moments, and stared after him. Dick had echoed Lawyer Cudmore once that day; it was now the Major's turn to echo Dick.

"That's a white man," he muttered to himself. "Curiously like his brother, too—in the days before he went wrong. But Lionel Flood had a soft strake in him, and India found it out; this parson seems tougher—result of hard work and plain living, no doubt."

His musings at this point grew involved, and he frowned. "Says he knew nothing of Lionel's affairs—offers to show me all the letters to prove it; but this behaviour of his is proof enough. Deuced handsome behaviour, too. I wonder if he can afford it? Gad, what a pack of falsehoods that woman has poured into me! She always had a gift of circumstantial lying. I believe, if Lionel had kept a tight rein on her and shown her the whip now and then—but what's the use of speculating? Anyway, it's rough on the parson, and if I hadn't to consider Dick and the girls—"

Dusk had given way to gas-light, and Parson Jack still paced the streets, intending but still deferring to find a dinner and a night's lodging. He had shaken hands with Major Bromham in a mood of curious exaltation. He had decided almost without a struggle. To his mind the question was a clear one of right and wrong, and no argument helped it. Still, a man does not renounce five thousand pounds every day of his life; and, when he does, has some right to pat his conscience on the back. He derived some pleasure, too, from picturing the pretty gratitude with which his beneficiaries would hear Major Bromham's message. He did not know Mrs. Flood.

"But . . . his church? He had forgotten it, or almost forgotten; and the recollection came upon him like a blow. He halted beneath a gas-lamp in dismay; not in resentment at the shattering of his dream, for he scarcely thought of himself; not in doubt, for he had done rightly, and his church could not be restored at the expense of right; but in sheer dismay before the blank certainty that now his church must fall. Nothing could save it. He must go home to it, live with it, watch it to the inevitable end. He put out a hand against the iron

pillar, and of a sudden felt faint, almost sick. As a matter of fact, he had eaten nothing since his early breakfast.

A few doors down the street the bright lamp of a tavern—the Sword and Flag—caught his eye. He tottered in and asked for a glass of brandy. It did him good, and he called for another. Some soldiers entering, with a girl or two, and finding a clergyman seated with his glass in this not over-reputable den, began to chaff. He answered gently and good-naturedly, but with a slight stutter—enough to hint at fun ahead; and they improved upon the hint.

By nine o'clock Parson Jack was silly drunk; at eleven, when the premises were closed, the police found him speechless; and the rest of the night he spent in the borough lock-up.

V.

It appeared in the newspapers, of course. "Deplorable story: A clergyman fined for drunkenness." This was more than even Sir Harry could stand.

"I'm sorry for you, Flood," said he, when three days later, Parson Jack appeared at Carwithiel to resign his living. "But you've taken the only proper course. Otherwise, you'd have driven us to an inquiry, sequestration, no end of a scandal. I've had to keep my eyes shut once or twice in the past, as you probably guess."

"You have shown me all the kindness you could," answered Parson Jack. "I won't disgust you with thanks, and there are no excuses." He picked up his hat and turned to go.

"Well, but look here; don't be in a hurry. What about your prospects? They're none too healthy, I'm afraid. Still, if a few pounds could give you a fresh start somewhere—"

"I have no prospects, but for the moment I wasn't thinking of myself. I was thinking of Langona and the old church."

"Oh, the church is all right! Clem—my nephew—has a fad in his head. He asked me yesterday for the living—in case you resigned. I tell him it's folly; a youngster oughtn't to play with his chances. But he insists that it will do him good to fling up Oxford and play parish-priest for a year or two. He has taken a fancy to your church, and wants to restore it. He can pay for his whims: the money's all in his branch of the family."

"Restore it! The church—restored!"

Sir Harry looked up sharply, for the words came in a whisper of awe, almost of terror; and looking up, he saw Parson Jack's eyes dilated as a man's who states on a vision; but while they stared there grew in them a slow, beatific surmise.

"The Lord taketh away," said Parson Jack. "Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Six weeks later the Rev. Clement Vyell was inducted into the living of Langona, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. John Flood. His first sermon announced that the church was to be restored without delay; that plans were even now being prepared by an eminent architect, and that, as soon as they arrived and were approved, tenders would be invited.

Mr. Vyell was in no hurry to take possession of the Parsonage; indeed, bachelor though he was, and professed ascetic, he decided that, to be habitable, it needed a wing and a new kitchen at the back. For the present he accepted his uncle's invitation to use the hospitality, and the library, of Carwithiel. Parson Jack might give up possession at his own convenience. Nevertheless, he gave it up at once, packed his few belongings, and hired a bed-room at the Widow Copping's. It appeared that he, too, needed time to look about him.

And so he loitered about Langona until the architect's plans were received, discussed, approved, and submitted to tender. A Bristol builder secured the contract.

The day after it was signed Parson Jack walked over

to Carwithiel again, and asked leave to speak with Mr. Vyell. He wore his old working suit.

"I have come to ask a favour, Sir," said he, speaking humbly as a workman. "I hear that the contract for the church has been given to Miles and Co., of Bristol; and I would take it kindly if you recommended me to them as a workman."

The new Vicar was taken by surprise, and showed it.

"I have picked up some knowledge of the work in these years," Parson Jack explained timidly. "And I know the weak points in the old fabric better than most men. As for steadiness," he wound up, "I only ask to be given a trial. You must discharge me the first time I give cause of complaint."

clerk of the works. In those days Parson Jack needed no man's pity, for all day long he redeemed a debt and wrought into substance an ambition that yet grew purer as few ambitions do—in taking substance. And with it he wove another dream which, in the intervals of labour, would draw him out of the churchyard and hold him at gaze there, with his eyes on the wedge of blue sea beyond the coombe.

From the hour of his fall no strong drink passed his lips. His was an almost desperate case, but he fought with two strong allies. It was as though the old church, rallying under his eyes for a new lease of life, put new blood into him, repaying his love. Also he had Dick's letters.

"Upon my word," said Sir Harry to his nephew,



"Hullo, Dick!" he said.

"What on earth could I say to the man?" Mr. Vyell demanded that evening, when he discussed the application with his uncle.

"I hope you accepted?" said Sir Harry sharply.

"Ye-es, though I fear it was imprudent."

"Fiddlestick! Speak a word for him to Miles; he won't find a better workman."

So Parson Jack stayed at Langona, and beheld his best dream take shape, though not at his command, and yet in part by his fashioning. Nay, even some more of that personal pride for which he had once bargained was restored to him during the second year, on the day when the contractor—who shared the common knowledge of his past, but respected his unequalled knowledge of the old fabric and its weakness, his gentle ardour in learning, and his mild authority among the men—appointed him

"I've a mind to put Flood into the living again when this business is over and you tire of your whim. I suppose there's nothing to prevent it?"

There was nothing to prevent it; but as a reward it lay outside Parson Jack's speculation, perhaps beyond his desire. His reward came to him on the afternoon when, having mounted a ladder beside the new east window, he looked over his shoulder and saw, at the lych-gate, Parson Kendall enter the churchyard, ushering in a youngster—a mere boy still, but splendid in the uniform of a freshly blown naval cadet.

Parson Jack can scarcely be said to have risen to the occasion. "Hullo, Dick!" he said, descending the ladder and holding out his hand.

But the Rector, standing aside, made a better speech; though this, too, was short enough.

"God fulfils Himself in many ways," said the Rector.

THE END.

AN ALBATROSS COLONY AT LAYSAN, IN THE PACIFIC.



COLLECTING ALBATROSS EGGS.



THE ALBATROSS COLONY.

For some years an English company has been in existence to utilise the albatross guano found on the Isle of Laysan, some 1600 miles north of Honolulu. The albatross nests consist of a simple excavation in the soil, in which each female bird deposits one egg. The company's servants collect the eggs in wheelbarrows and take them to the nearest point of embarkation, whence they are conveyed to Hawaii, the inhabitants of which esteem them highly for the table.

THE NEW SAVOY OPERA, "MERRIE ENGLAND."

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT: QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SYLVAN COURT.



THE PRINCE DESCENDING THE PIER STEPS.



THE PRINCESS DESCENDING THE PIER STEPS.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES'S VISIT TO DENMARK: THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES EMBARKING AT DOVER, APRIL 2.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GIBSON, DOVER.



A FAVOURITE OBJECT FOR ATTACK: A WATER PARTY RETURNING FROM A STREAM TO A VILLAGE.



THE GUN-BOAT "JACKDAW," WHICH COVERED THE LANDING AT ENYONG, ON THE ROAD TO AROCHUKU.



A REST BY THE WAY.



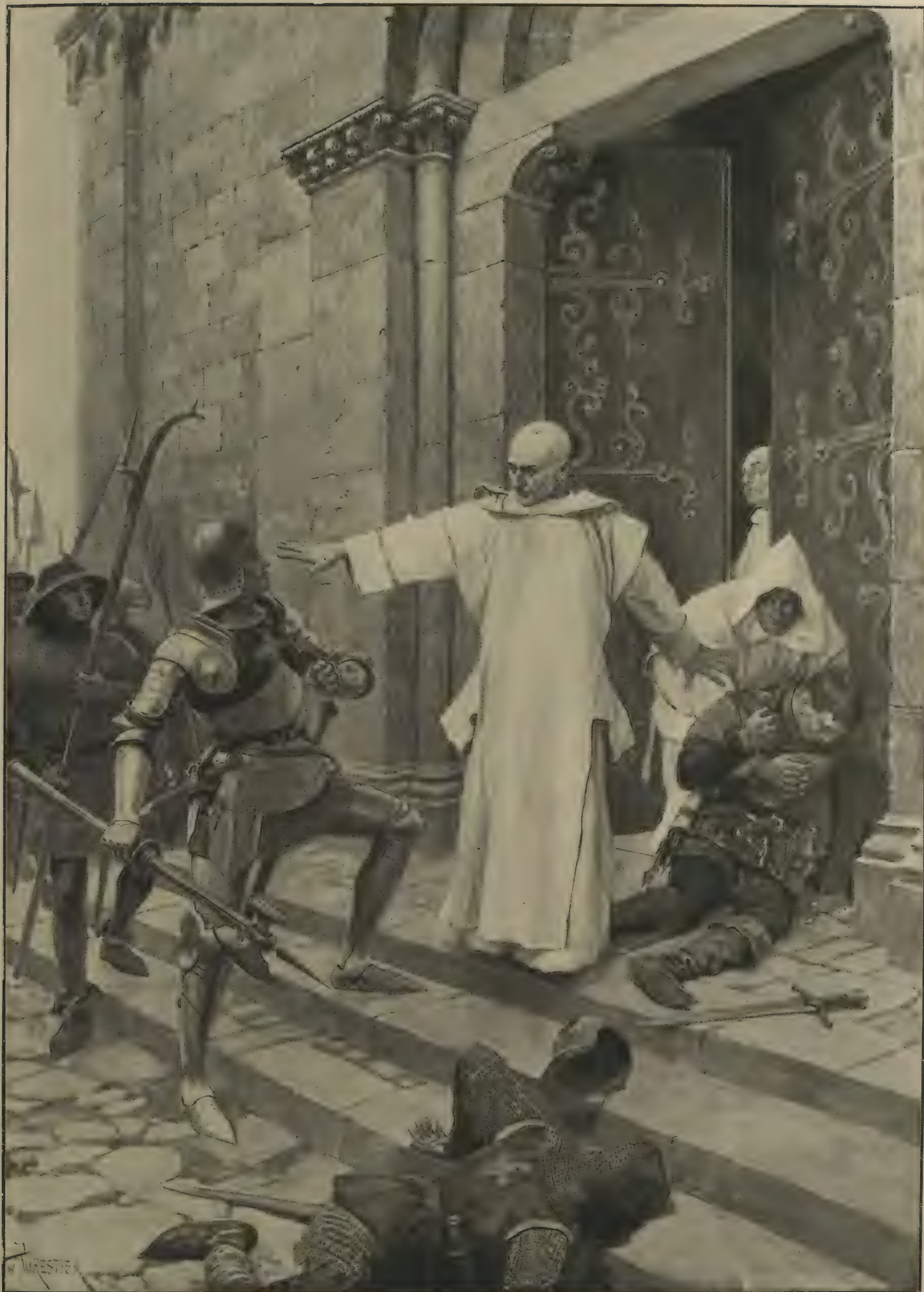
A SENTRY IN A CLEARING ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A VILLAGE.



A KING AND HIS CHIEFS COME TO ARRANGE TERMS.
The King is distinguished by his hat.

THE OPENING UP OF NIGERIA: THE ORON EXPEDITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN OFFICER OF THE ARO FIELD FORCE



SANCTUARY.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

THE SPRING ART EXHIBITIONS.

DRAWN BY G. C. WILMHURST.



AT A PRIVATE VIEW.

THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD.—No. VI: THE UNITED STATES.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



TYPES OF UNITED STATES WAR-VESELS.



THE DEFEAT OF LORD METHUEN'S FORCE BY DELAREY AT TWEBOSCH, MARCH 7.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

The British force was moving between Tseebosch and Palmietkruis when the Boers attacked it in front and on both flanks. The rear screen broke, the baggage-animals stampeded, and a rout ensued. Major Paris led a desperate but hopeless resistance, and the force with Lord Methuen was driven to surrender.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Lazarre. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. (London: Grant Richards 7s. 6d.)
A Book of Stories. By G. S. Street. (Westminster: Constable. 6s.)
The Knights of the Cross. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. (London: Sands. 18s. 6d.)
Sons of the Sword. By Margaret L. Woods. (London: Heinemann. 6s.)
Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland: A Folk-Lore Sketch. By W. G. Wood-Martin. Two vols. (London: Longmans. 30s.)
Cecil Rhodes, A Study of a Career. By Howard Hensman. (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 12s. 6d.)
Thomas H. Huxley. By Edward Clodd. (London and Edinburgh: Blackwood. 2s. 6d.)

American fiction has produced of late years a crop of historical romances very distasteful to Mr. W. D. Howells, who eyes the whole movement with uncompromising severity. Many of these novels make very poor art, and depend for their interest upon abundance of bloodshed. But some of them have a genuine inspiration, and "Lazarre" might wring even from Mr. Howells an acknowledgment of very high merit. Miss Catherwood, struck by the numerous legends of the false Dauphins, has imagined a true Dauphin, the veritable Prince who is believed to have perished of ill-usage in the Temple before the end of the Terror. There is no manner of doubt that he did perish; but it is a fascinating speculation that he survived, and had an adventurous career which ended in the abdication of his claim to the Bourbon succession. This is the central idea of "Lazarre," and it is handled with singular felicity. Lazarre is the name given to the Dauphin by the American Indians, among whom he lives until his reason, clouded by suffering in his early years, is restored in his manhood. He makes his way to Paris, is recognised by an adherent of the exiled Bourbons, travels to Russia to make good his claim in the presence of the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII.; is rejected as a pretender, returns to America, and for the love of a woman abandons the sovereignty which is his right. The author suggests that the American air of freedom makes him indifferent to his hereditary rank. No doubt that is gratifying to many American readers. But the value of the book lies in its unflinching charm of romance, in its admirable sketches of character, and in a style simple, eloquent, and full of dignity. The imaginary Dauphins of France have a literature to themselves, and in this "Lazarre" easily takes a very high place. In the wider sphere of romantic fiction it should always enjoy a notable consideration.

Novel-readers who know their business will expect to find amusement, the individual point of view, and especially good writing in a volume by Mr. G. S. Street. His "Book of Stories" will not disappoint them. One, "The Hero and the Burglars," is rather an intruder, though quite a welcome intruder, among the other stories, any of which might say to it, as Lady Betty Mereworth said to Mabel Simpson, "I'm not your sort." Their sort is as difficult to define precisely as the Mereworths themselves; all the same, one perceives well enough the family likeness. They all illustrate the opposition of two orders of temperament, nature, product—call them what you will; one of which is more or less vulgar, and the other, in a more or less fine sense, distinguished. Between the two, Mr. Street professes to take no side. "I will not attempt to indicate to you which of these opposing natures was, in my opinion, the better tree," he says of the same Lady Betty and Mabel; "in fact, I am even doubtful of the fruits." We take leave to doubt the perfection of his neutrality; but certainly he states each case with a grave and deliberate amusement which is not irony, though sometimes it sounds like it. Perhaps it is ungracious, especially after expressing admiration of their quality, to complain because these stories are not different from what they are. But there are discernible in all Mr. Street's work elements that will never get free play within the narrow range in which, so far, he has elected to remain. We wish he would not hang back.

Doubtless there is a large and appreciative audience for works of the class to which "The Knights of the Cross" belongs. Mr. Henryk Sienkiewicz has established his name with "Quo Vadis?" and there seems no reason why the people who admired it should not elevate "The Knights of the Cross" to the rank of a six months' classic. There is plenty of crude Christianity; murders, alarms, excursions, and all the stock-in-trade of the sensational novel are served with a liberal hand: the most fecund imagination could hardly invent a fresh horror, or, having invented one, find room for it. If the Polish original has any style, translation has eliminated it successfully: there is nothing left but a plain tale of swords, shields, crosses, battlefields, sudden ends, religious hysteria, and other edifying trifles dear to the people who were moved to tears by Mr. Wilson Barrett's production, "The Sign of the Cross," and accepted it as history. In fact, we should not be surprised to see some dramatised version of Mr. Sienkiewicz's new work put upon the stage. Such a book as "The Knights of the Cross" makes a pernicious appeal to the sentimentality of the half-educated, and coming from a man with a following, depreciates literary currency. One wades through pages that seem endless, looking patiently, hopefully, for some of the qualities that go to the making of a great book; but the characters diminish steadily by the most violent deaths, until there are not enough people left alive to continue the story. It has been remarked by a latter-day humorist that the circulation of the modern paper depends upon the blood: should this become true of novels, the honours of largest circulation will pass from those who hold them now.

Mrs. Woods has the pen of the ready writer, and with it the art of awakening her readers' curiosity. "Sons of the Sword" is, as the title indicates, a story of adventure,

and the incident is scattered with unsparing hand. The heroine is a young Irish lady detained by Napoleon in France after the Peace of Amiens was broken. Thereafter she is mixed up with the Little Corporal and his doings to the end of the chapter. Among other things, she was the object of what the writer designates one of the Emperor's "insulting little passions"; and, indeed, if we accept Mrs. Woods' authority, the description leaves little to be desired. But the main interest of the story is to be found in the evolution of Colonel Vidal, whose love for Seraphine,



"LOUIS! YOU ARE A KING! YOU ARE A KING!"

Reproduced from "Lazarre," by permission of Mr. Grant Richards.

unworthy at the first, changed his whole character. This is the more remarkable because there is little in Seraphine beyond a sort of colourless innocence to account for it. Even the shallow justice implied in Browning's "And the passion I had raised, to content," is never meted out to her devoted lover, for whom, indeed, her feelings were scarcely more than friendly. Everywhere in Mrs. Woods' story is the evidence that she has taken abundant pains in preparing details and collecting information as to the ways of an army on the march.

Colonel Wood-Martin has earned well of all students of folk-lore by his industrious research into the survivals in modern Ireland of ancient beliefs. His book is somewhat diffuse, and perhaps tries to cover too much ground, including, for instance, an examination of the Glacial Period, which admittedly has not influenced the religion



A MANUFACTURER OF BOGUS ANTIQUITIES: FABRICATING FLINT ARROW-HEADS IN IRELAND.

Reproduced from "Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland," by permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green.

of the modern Irish. But a careful study of the relics of primeval beliefs leads the student into many by-paths. A great deal of nonsense has been and is being talked about primitive Ireland. A pseudo-patriotic school, from Keating downwards, has stoutly maintained the imaginary glories of past ages; and now confusion is confounded by the morbid fancies of Mr. Yeats and his followers, who read Irish beliefs by the light of modern French decadence. Colonel Wood-Martin treats an obscure mass of subjects with scholarly common-sense, making it clear that Ireland was once inhabited by a race almost certainly cannibal, that in prehistoric times its people were no better and no worse than the dwellers in Britain and

Gaul, and that, despite the triumph of Christianity, a remarkably large body of pagan belief survived in a somewhat emended form. The last fact is, of course, well known, but this book treats in detail innumerable customs existing now or quite lately, and attempts, with some success, to trace their origin. The sanctity of wells, stone monuments, and other features of the landscape is to-day ingrained in the heart of the Roman Catholic peasant: the Church has effectually sanctified customs that she could not suppress, and many excellent people will be disturbed by Colonel Wood-Martin's industry. But, again, there are traces of other practices which the priests have always discountenanced most sternly, and which are obviously akin to native rites that may still be observed in India and elsewhere. The author advances a very interesting theory that the spiritual Druidical religion of the conquering Gaels was sharply opposed to the primitive nature-worship of their predecessors in Ireland, and thinks that the Druids (who believed in a future life) were generally ready to accept Christianity, whose worst foes at first were the ignorant rustics practising the observances of an older cult. The book, indeed, is full of interest, and the many illustrations will really help the reader. Colonel Wood-Martin is critical, but no malicious iconoclast: if he cannot accept certain theories dear to patriots, he is, unlike some of his fellows, impervious to the wiles of such ingenious persons as the forger of sham antiquities, shown in one of his illustrations.

To write the life of a great man in his life-time is a difficult task which is seldom performed with success; but Mr. Hensman's biography of Mr. Rhodes is not one of the exceptions which prove the rule. His style is commonplace, and because of it, perhaps, his portrait of the great Afriander is neither vivid nor subtle. The way in which the book is divided, too, is fatal to a clear view of his career. The chapter on "Rhodes and the Home Rule Party" is entirely out of place between the chapter on the "Northern Expansion Commenced" and "The Founding of a Colony." The alliance of Rhodes and the Irish was a mere incident, and had no Imperial significance whatever. Therefore Mr. Hensman would have done well to consider it in connection with the gift of £5000 to the Liberal Party in 1891. But arrangement and selection in a literary sense are not his strong points, nor has he that knowledge of South African history in its relation to the Empire which is absolutely necessary to a proper appreciation of the achievements of Mr. Rhodes. For instance, he believes that the Governors of British Colonies represent the Home Government, whereas they represent the Crown; and he further believes that Federation will take the form of representation at Westminster. This he supposes to have been Mr. Rhodes' view, which is, no doubt, a simple explanation of the cheques paid to the Liberal Party, but it cannot be admitted without doing an injustice to his statesmanship. This Mr. Hensman does not perceive. Again, he assures us that Mr. Rhodes cared nothing for money as an end. He would have been more convincing had he pointed out why great wealth was necessary to the last of the adventurers when it was necessary to none of his predecessors. This can be done simply enough, but it requires a deeper study of Imperial history than Mr. Hensman has yet attempted. Nevertheless he has written a sympathetic book, which contains a vast amount of matter accurate as to fact, and he is justified in claiming that he has filled a want in giving to the world a complete account of a remarkable career. Moreover, he suggests the Imperial scale on which Mr. Rhodes worked, and the enormous difficulties he overcame by sheer force of character. Nor is Mr. Hensman less successful in drawing the embodiment of British ideals as opposed to ex-President Kruger, the embodiment of Dutch ideals. In short, to most Englishmen Mr. Hensman's book will be as instructive as it is interesting. But the real history of the creator of South Africa, as we understand the term now, has yet to be written. We are too near the times in which he lived to see him in true perspective, for the farther we remove from the nineteenth century the more massive do his outlines appear. He was the last of the giants who made the British Empire what it is.

In the latest volume of the "Modern English Writers Series," the name of Huxley is added to those of Browning, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, Stevenson, and one or two others. That Huxley was a master-scientist and an able exponent of the scientific method, that he made important contributions, written in the most excellent style, to the critical literature of his time, cannot be denied; but to place him in the front rank of modern literary men is surely to overrate him. Perhaps one of the main characteristics of Huxley was his many-sided genius, and this Mr. Clodd, who seems to write with the enthusiasm of a disciple, has well brought out in depicting Huxley as a man, a discoverer, an interpreter, a controversialist, and a constructor. The controversial aspect of Huxley's work is the most prominent throughout, and this is not to be wondered at, seeing he came into collision with his contemporaries on so many fields. The somewhat extravagant hero-worship of the author prevents his making a critical estimate of the real value of Huxley's work, and allows him to see nothing but "credulity," "prejudice," or "ignorance" in his hero's opponents. A recognition of the great work that Huxley did in the cause of intellectual freedom is perfectly consistent with an admission that he had his limitations. His attitude, for example, towards religious beliefs is admittedly unscientific: the dismissal of these because they have no foundation in reason is not in harmony with the judicial character of the scientific mind. As Mr. Benjamin Kidd has recently pointed out, the existence of religious beliefs and systems is one of the most characteristic phenomena of human society: the truly scientific student should accept this fact, and endeavour to determine its true relation to the past and future development of the race.

CANADIAN HIGHLANDERS IN THE UNITED STATES

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP FOR BRITISH TROOPS: THE 48TH CANADIAN HIGHLANDERS AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN MILITARY SHOW, NEW YORK.
The Drum-major was the tallest ever seen in New York, and the regiment created a tremendous sensation.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Many months ago I directed attention in this column to the remonstrance made by Professor John Perry regarding our national neglect of technical education, and to his warnings that unless we mended our ways in the matter we should find ourselves lagging behind in the universal commercial competition wherein every civilised nation is perpetually engaged. Professor Perry has recently issued another protest, which, as a nation, we will do well to heed, for he is not a man whose warnings are either lightly spoken or conceived without due premeditation.

Professor Perry, in his recent manifesto, deals with the all-important topic of the misuse of coal. Seeing that a Coal Commission is at present at work endeavouring to determine the limits of our coal-supply, and other significant items connected with the amount of fuel left to us, the Professor's words are of singularly appropriate kind. Not that they are specially to be considered in view of suspicions that our coal-cellars are being unduly drawn upon, but because they deal with a problem that must be of perennial interest to mankind. Do we get anything like a fair return in the way of energy or power for the immense amount of coal we consume in our engines? The Professor answers this very pertinent inquiry with a decided negative, and in thus stating his case he is following the lead of other authorities, although few of them have stated the case with the directness, perspicuity, and power of diction which mark Professor Perry's words.

The late Lord Armstrong years ago, for example, pointed out how relatively small was the amount of energy that the ordinary steam-engine gave us in return for the fuel with which it was fed. Now, I take it that engines have been greatly improved in respect of their economical working since the days when Lord Armstrong spoke, but it is somewhat striking to find Professor Perry, as an expert, declaring that "in the very best and largest steam-engines less than ten per cent. of the energy of coal is utilised; in many small engines only 1 per cent. The remaining energy," he adds, "is quite wasted." These are startling words to the lay mind, for they open up before our mental vision a vista which all along its great extent is labelled with the legend, "misuse of coal." When we begin to think of the coal consumed in raising power, we gain a glimpse of what in the aggregate this waste of fuel must mean. Manchester has engines of 12,000-horse power generating electricity for the driving of tramcars and for producing light. A line-of-battle ship has engines of double this power, and two new American liners are to be built, each of which will be driven over the seas by engines of 48,000-horse power. What must be the waste of coal, then, in each of these cases (one of hundreds of thousands) if less than 10 per cent. of the energy obtainable from the coal is realised? How much money would be saved in coal-bills, on the other hand, if for each ton of coal used the engine-builder could guarantee even, say, a 20 or 25 per cent. return for the fuel used?

We begin to see the outlines thus limned forth of a subject of universal interest, and one especially that bears directly on British prosperity and influence. If our land represents the chief coal-bunker of the world, it is clear its depletion must of necessity be proceeding at a rate appalling in its rapidity, and just as vexatious, scientifically regarded, when we reflect on the waste of fuel that is everywhere represented, from the domestic grate to the steam-boiler of a liner. Put in money figures, the waste will appeal more strongly, perhaps, than when it is calculated in mere loss of energy units. Professor Perry tells us that the world's output of coal recently was 663 millions of tons per year. Of this amount, Britain contributed 30½ per cent. Now, if the total energy of British coal for one single year could be used, and paid for at the rate of eightpence per Board of Trade unit (the price paid in many towns by consumers of electrical energy), the amount realised would equal a hundred times that of our national debt. Professor Perry adds that the cost of human labour, when used most economically, is nine times the figure thus given.

Leakage of power is therefore the bane of modern industrial life, and this in turn implies gross waste of coal. We are always entitled to look hopefully to Science for the solution of the difficulties she demonstrates to exist in her own sphere of labour. She is not merely a Cassandra, but plays also the rôle of the beneficent fairy godmother, who extricates the deserving and suffering from their woes. Professor Perry finds a way out of the difficulties he pictures so graphically in a characteristically scientific fashion. If fuel energy be first converted into electrical energy, we can get out of the transaction more than ninety per cent. of power; therefore, that to be aimed at is to substitute electrical power for steam power, only at present we lack contrivances so to utilise economically our fuel. Engines which can convert fuel into electrical energy, even when gas-fuel is used, are too bulky, Professor Perry says, and too expensive to compete with ordinary heat-engines. What is therefore wanted is an invention which will convert coal energy into electrical power, at a cost and without greater weight than a steam-engine of the same power.

"Discover the energy-engine," declares the Professor, "and you multiply your power to heat buildings from coal seventy and seven times." Who will be the coming benefactor of our race? There are patient labourers working silently and without endowment even now. What as a nation we should do is to endow the research that will revolutionise the world of work and cheapen life's necessities for us all. If we gave Lord Kelvin and Lord Rayleigh a million a year, for two or three years, to enlist the services of all competent scientific workers all over the world, by way of solving the problem of an economical engine, Professor Perry thinks success would be attained. The experiment is surely worth making.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor, K I, R (Sidmouth).—We do not know of such a club. There is one for ladies, but we cannot say if members of the sterner sex are received as visitors or not.

A W DANIEL (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Your problem seems to have another solution, by 1. Q to Kt 4th (ch), etc.

W F RATNA GOPAL (Colpetty, Ceylon).—If Kt takes Q P, K to B 5th; 2. Q to B 6th (ch), K to Kt 6th; 3. Kt to Kt 6th (dis. ch) is answered by Q takes B, and there is no mate.

H A SALWAY.—In the corrected diagram there is still a dual mate in the main variation.

FIDELITAS.—We shall be pleased to re-examine the amended position.

E J WINTER WOOD (Paignton).—Thanks for problem, which is very acceptable.

W T PIERCE (Hampstead).—Problems to hand, with thanks.

L DESANGES.—Thanks for amended version.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3015 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 3016 from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 3017 from J Safer (Cape Town) and K G K (Madras Presidency); of No. 3020 from J Bailey (Newark); of No. 3021 from Albert Wolff (Putney), Rev. C R Sowell (St. Austell), Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia), G T Hughes (Dublin), C H Allen, A J Allen (Hampstead), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Edward J Sharpe, J Bailey (Newark), and F B (Worthing); of No. 3022 from C E Perugini, John Kelly (Glasgow), J Stanley James (Foots Cray), J F Moon, Albert Wolff, William Miller (Cork), H Le Jeune, Edith Corser (Reigate), R Worters (Canterbury), H S Brandreth, Rev. A Mays (Redford), Alessandro Bolognini (Verona), T College Halliburton (Jedburgh), J F G Pietersen (Kingswinford), J W (Campsie), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

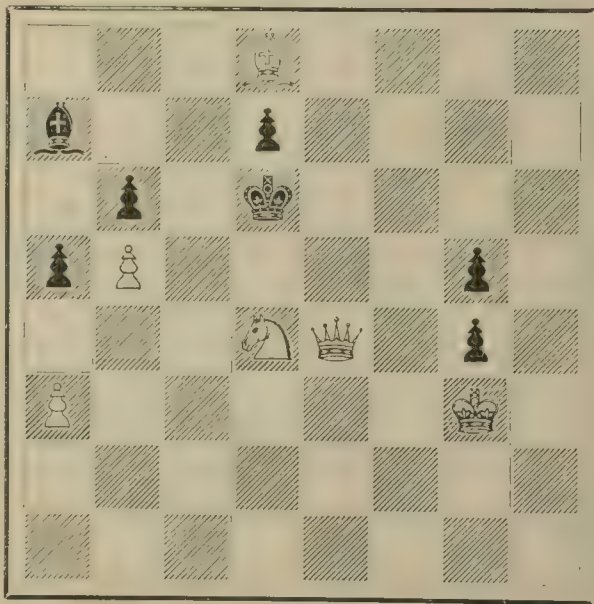
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3023 received from Clement C Danby, T Roberts, E J Burton (Brighton), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Albert Wolff (Putney), C E Perugini, Charles Burnett, F Dalby, W A Lillico (Edinburgh), Shadforth, H Le Jeune, Alpha, E J Winter Wood, F J S (Hampstead), Hereward, E B V Hussey (Peterborough), W D Easton (Sunderland), S Jenkinson, Sorrento, Reginald Gordon, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), H S Brandreth, Martin F, Edith Corser (Reigate), J W (Campsie), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), R Worters (Canterbury), and T College Halliburton (Jedburgh).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3022.—By F. HEALEY.

WHITE.
1. Kt to B 5th
2. R to Q 2nd
3. Q or R Mates.
There is another solution by 1. Q to B 4th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 3025.—By C. W. (Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves

CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. MAROCZY and MARSHALL.
(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Maroczy).	BLACK (Mr. Marshall).	WHITE (Mr. Maroczy).	BLACK (Mr. Marshall).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. P takes B P	P to B 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. P takes B P	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. Kt to B 3rd		17. Q to Kt 2nd	P takes P
		18. B to B 3rd	P to B 6th
		19. Q to R 3rd	Kt to Q 5th
		20. B takes Kt	Kt to K 7th (ch)
		21. K to R sq	B to Kt 5th
		22. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to R sq
		23. Q takes Kt P	Q takes Q
		24. B takes Q	B takes Kt
		25. B takes R	R takes B
		26. B to R 3rd	P to B 6th
		27. K R to Q sq	P takes P (ch)
		28. K takes P	Kt to B 5th (ch)
		29. K to B sq	B to K 7th (ch)
		30. K to Kt sq	P to Kt 5th
		31. R to Q 4th	R to K B sq
		32. P to B 6th	Kt to R 6th (ch)
		33. K to Kt 2nd	R takes P (ch)
		34. K to Kt 3rd	R to B 6th (ch)
		35. K to R 4th	Kt to B 5th
		36. P to B 7th	R to B 6th (ch)
		37. K to Kt 5th	Kt to K 3rd (ch)
		38. K to B 6th	R to R 3rd (ch)
		39. K to K 5th	Resigns.
		40. R to Q 8th (ch), and wins	
		the Kt next move.	

Another game in the same Tournament between Messrs. WOLF and REGGIO.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. Kt to Q 5th	Kt takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. B takes B	K takes B
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	20. P takes Kt	R takes R (ch)
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd	21. Q takes R	Q to Q 2nd
5. Castles	P to Q 3rd	22. P to Q Kt 4th	P to K B 3rd
		23. Kt to K 4th	P takes P
		24. Q takes P	Q to Kt 4th
		25. Q to Q 4th	R to K B sq
		26. P to Q B 4th	Q to Kt 5th
		27. K to B 2nd	P to Q R 4th
		28. R to K sq	
		29. Kt takes B P	K to R sq
		30. Q takes Q	Q to B 4th
		31. R to K 8th	P takes Q
		32. Kt takes R	B to R 3rd
		33. Kt takes P	B takes P
		34. P to Q 6th	Resigns.

AN APRIL RAMBLE.

Leaving the house for my early morning stroll a few hours ago, I found some lines of Robert Browning's ringing in my ears, lines beginning—

Oh, to be in England

Now that April's there.

Perhaps the chaffinches were responsible. There were three in sight. One sat on the branch of an apple-tree that was preparing to bud, another was fluttering round the hedge, and a third was in the cherry-tree midmost the young pink blossoms. This time of year has no rival; its promise is not spoilt by regrets. There is little in March that one would recall; but May will have left April behind, and when June has gone the freshness of summer is over. April suggests all the summer's possibilities, yet finds us mindful of the winter months, when sport was the only excuse for existence out of doors.

I think the birds have their own calendar, not less reliable than ours; certainly they know they have passed the season of danger. So "smale foules maken melodie" without fear, sing, fight, and mate just now, and will presently build and lay their eggs with little or no attention to their old enemies. Even the dogs know that the sporting season is over. While I was out, Dandy disturbed two partridges under a hedge. They took low flight across a great fallow field, and Dandy went after them. When they had given her a two-hundred-yard run they rose higher in air—I am sure they were laughing—and she went to the extreme end of the furrow and then came back quite as happily as she went.

Out on the shore along the Whitewater estuary, where we stayed for long periods in January's small hours to shoot mallard or widgeon at the incoming of the tide, all the seawall are mating. The green plover have wonderful nuptial ceremonies, curious tricks of flight, in which they allow their wings to cease working and fall and rise again, while they fill the saltings with their cry. The dainty oyster-catchers are piping from dawn to dusk, though they do not congregate as the plovers do. Even the curlew's note is less melancholy than it is at other seasons of the year.

Doves and wood-pigeons are met in every copse down here. The latter have come from the lower-lying lands, and are threatening the bean-fields. I had an urgent message from a neighbouring farmer a few days ago begging me to sit in wait for them and shoot a few when they came home to rest on the bare branches in the grove, but I would not heed the invitation, and the pigeons are free to mate and fight and build without interference from me. I like to feel that from the end of January to the middle of August I am friends with everything that runs or flies.

They said that all ground game in the immediate neighbourhood had been shot, but the rabbits are yet able to defy dogs, ferrets, guns, and snares. This morning by the grove's edge I counted thirty-eight, and in the meadow below there were two hares indulging in the most absurd runs, and leaps, and gambols. I confess I thought it wise to hold Dandy back, and that she resented my action. A little lad coming towards the village with his arms full of mallards told me he had already seen leverets and young rabbits about, and that most of the rooks in the Rectory elms had hatched. Rooks are very early birds in this respect; most of the feathered folk have yet to build, and it is well for them, since neither tree nor bush could hide their nests just now.

Last night I thought the nightingales had come; this corner of the county is very dear to them. But I was wrong; the song came from a young blackbird uttering a succession of low flute-like notes after the rest of the birds had gone to sleep. The hunt has made its last call this season, and when the groves were drawn, the Master gave particular instructions that no vixen should be followed. Now at night fox and vixen cry to one another across the fields, and the farmers are careful to leave no poultry outside the runs, I am not sure that this precaution is necessary in the case of fowls that wander deliberately. Every year certain of my neighbour's hens stray afield, make a nest in some secret place, and return after many days leading a healthy brood of chickens. They have deceived the fox, the stoat, the weasel, the magpie, the carrion crow, the jay, the hawk, and all their other enemies.

Though the shooting season is forgotten there are many things to do just now for the benefit of a season to come. All the rabbit-shelters that were disturbed are being set in order; very old earths are being selected for digging out; a few Belgian doe rabbits have been put down. For the partridges it is too early to make any preparation—they have yet to choose their building-place, but I know of one bank by the side of a tiny stream that will certainly be favoured. The ditch here will be cleaned, and should the stream of water fail in the later months, earthenware pans will be put down and kept well filled. So soon as the partridges are nesting, certain steps will be taken to save them from vermin; but of these it would be unwise to talk.

So the morning walk does not fail of interest in the April days, in a part of the country so removed from the beaten track that on Easter Monday only two visitors passed down the road, and they had lost their way. From morning to evening there are music and sunlight and perfume, given with a prodigality of which Nature alone is capable; one sees the bare chilled bones of winter reclothing themselves. Soon we shall be hunting—in vain—for the plovers' eggs in the meadow. Presently the swallows will return. When they come there will be a battle-royal on my premises, for a couple of sparrows have taken possession of the swallows' nest in the porch, and I do not think they will be evicted without a fair protest. They will have a family to protect by the time the swallows come to renew their tenancy. Truly, swallows are wise in their generation; they are among the aristocrats of the bird world, visiting England at the most joyous season of the year and leaving before summer closes. Nightingales and cuckoos are also to be envied. I know they will not reach the groves until the woodland has put on its gala attire; that before leaves fall or any sign of even middle age dulls the year's beauty they will vanish oversea, leaving us with no more than the recollection of their song to console us for their absence. But they have yet to come; just now "the year's at the spring."



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Extract from a letter received from MAJOR-GENERAL BADEN-POWELL, referring to "The Elliman First Aid Book."—"South African Constabulary.—Johannesburg, Feb. 12, 1902.—I cannot tell you how greatly I appreciate your kindness in sending this liberal supply of your very practical and concise vade mecum of Horse and Cattle management. It will, I am convinced, be of the greatest value to the Troop Officers of the Constabulary throughout the New Territories, and I am supplying each of them with a copy."

LADIES' PAGE.

The Countess of Warwick's practical philanthropy towards her own sex is admirable. Her technical school on her Essex estate placed many delicate girls of the labouring class in possession of work specially suited to their tastes and powers; while her Agricultural College for Women near Reading is helping many educated young women whose tastes are for an active life to find a scope for their energies in a healthful and active occupation. Although women may not prove capable of the harder work of market-gardening, there can be no doubt of their suitability for the



LIGHT CLOTH EVENING COAT, TRIMMED WITH LACE.

finer side of agriculture—producing *primeurs* and delicate fruits and flowers in forcing-houses and conservatories. Lady Warwick has just organised a special course for this sort of work, in which both practical and theoretical instruction has been given in forcing strawberries and peaches, producing early vegetables, and florist's work. No doubt the best chance for a woman in agriculture would be to settle near some large town and give her energies to supplying private customers and the best local shops with such special products.

"Joan of Arc" has been "passed by the examiners," so to speak, and is to be made a saint; and a London publisher has produced a new edition of the devotional writings of St. Theresa. That may seem rather a mixture, but the thought in my mind is how great a stimulus must be given to Catholic women by the degree of honour paid their sex in their Church. True it is that the Church first destroyed Joan of Arc—as it made St. Catherine of Siena's life a martyrdom—before canonising their memories; but I do not know that the lesson is less impressive on that account, for it shows that the woman who follows her conscience may hope to be honoured when the first storm of opposition is past.

While the Committee of the Royal Hospital for Incurables retains an adverse attitude towards the election of a few women among its members—that is not easy to understand in face of the successful services rendered by lady guardians of the poor in the management of workhouse infirmaries—the great Hospital of Edinburgh numbers a lady among its committee elected by the subscribers. This is Miss Louisa Stevenson, who has recently been re-elected after a three years' absence devoted to studying the management of the hospitals in the United States. Miss Louisa Stevenson is sister to Miss Flora Stevenson, who for the last two years has occupied the distinguished position of Chairman of the Edinburgh School Board, with a success that may be judged from the fact that a great new school opened by Lord Balfour of Burleigh in January last was called after her by the vote of the Board. Edinburgh is to be congratulated not only on having such eminent women citizens, but on knowing how to employ them and how to value their services.

Doctors think themselves chartered to be free in their criticism of feminine arrangements, and two of the

leading medical papers have delivered themselves of comments lately on womanly topics. The one is on dusting our furniture, the other on cherishing our complexions. Our domestic Mentor informs us that the housemaid should always take off the dust with a damp cloth. Perhaps his mother, his sister, or his aunt has responded to this suggestion by saying that the furniture will be made smeary, as Mentor continues his observations by pointing out that the housemaid may hold a dry duster in the other hand for polishing purposes. The object is to avoid scattering the dust charged with impurity and perhaps disease germs. The other scientist, taking us under his fatherly care, writes an alarming dissertation on "the cells of the Malpighian layer," but what he really means is that some of us wash our faces too much, and destroy our own complexions. Twice a day he thinks enough, and a dry rub suffices in between. No doubt there is much sense in both suggestions, so we must be grateful for the trouble taken on our behalf by the wise men, and profit thereby.

A very pretty wedding was that of the Earl of Lytton with Miss Pamela Plowden, which was celebrated at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride's dress of the regulation white-satin was made in a graceful fashion particularly becoming to her delicate style of beauty. The skirt was decorated by true-lovers' knots formed of silk muslin fulled on to the satin, and edged on one side by a delicate design of silver tracery. The hem of the skirt was embroidered with little wreaths of orange-blossom. The bodice was made with a yoke of silver embroidery, the same material being employed for the sleeves. The train, which fell from both shoulders, where it was fastened by pearl and diamond tassels, was of silver and gold broché gauze, edged all round with silver trimming. The veil was worn over a wreath of orange-blossom, a bouquet of which was carried in the hand. The bridesmaids were little girls, dressed in cream-coloured satin and gold, with caps of gold lace on their heads. They were escorted by small pages, whose Cavalier suits were likewise carried out in white and gold. Some most beautiful dresses were worn by the guests. The mother of the bridegroom, the Countess of Lytton, was arrayed in a costume of grey cloth, with strappings of black glacé, the yoke and sleeves being of thick guipure. Lady Betty Balfour wore a dress of blue foulard under a coat of black velvet. The Countess of Warwick looked well in an exquisite gown of grey crêpe-de-Chine, the skirt edged with ermine, the fichu being edged with the same fur. The Empire belt was of white cloth, embroidered with cut steel. The costume was completed by a ruffle and muff of ermine and lace and a black picture-hat. The Marchioness of Granby wore green velvet, the bodice of bolero form showing a lace blouse beneath it. The wedding presents were numerous and beautiful, including a hair-ornament in the form of a bird of diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, holding an osprey, from their Majesties the King and Queen.

When the Emperor of Austria's granddaughter had no fewer than sixty blouses made for her trousseau, it became very clear that this long-popular garment was to retain its vogue for the summer. It is too useful an article in the wardrobe to be dismissed; and its construction varies from the simplest and plainest to the fullest elaboration. In fact, it is in the latter case merely a bodice of a different material from the skirt with which it is worn, but as fully trimmed and carefully boned as any dress corsage. The true spirit of the

blouse, however, is not that, but is a comparatively loosely fitting and easily worn garment that is comfortable in use and economical, because there is nothing to strain out of shape or pull in wear. Soft and transparent fabrics and pliable makes of silk form blouses that have a smart effect for ordinary afternoon wear. The hard, undecorated shirt in linen or print, front, and high-starched collar are generally unbecoming. There is a type of girl—the sort that gives you the impression of just having had a clean shave—who looks as well in this sort of mannish shirt as in anything else, but no daintiness of cravat can give it a feminine air. A print or delaine made loosely, with a few tucks or pleats, and lines either downways or across of Cluny lace or Irish crochet insertion, is no more trouble either to produce or to laundry, and far prettier for morning wear. For afternoon or quiet evening use, white muslin with lace insertions worn over a coloured slip, or soft silk in some light shade trimmed with frills either of its own material or lace and lace insertion on motifs, will become a girl excellently. More matronly figures needing greater support must wear a fitting and boned lining, and this suggests more decoration and elaboration for the visible portion—stitched-down pleats or tucks, tabs finished with pretty buttons, lines of passementerie, and fancy yokes. But the essential feature of the blouse, its easy and comfortable look, should never be forgotten.

There are many pretty notions in the spring hats. Quite a feature is the use of pearl ornaments. The diamond buckles of past seasons have given place to the less flashing, but equally effective imitation whole pearl brooches, stars, and cones. Nouveau art influences the new hat-trimmings, too; buckles and brooches in coloured and carved gold, just brightened with a few paste stones, are used. A great deal of lace is employed, black and white being often mixed. Flowers are profusely used on millinery; indeed, the floral hat is having a great popularity—shapes entirely covered with

blossoms, roses, violets, scarlet geraniums, irises, purple orchids, or cowslips are seen in the best milliners' ateliers. A quiet floral toque was of ivy-leaves with clusters of berries in pearls. Fancy foliage of gold and silver tissue is seen also with pearl berries or fruits. Grapes and cherries, the fruit distinguishable enough by its characteristic shape, are made in pearls. Leaves cut out of gold or silver tissue are embroidered with pearls, either whole or spangles in mother-o'-pearl. In short, the precious stone is imitated for millinery in every possible form just now.

A very dainty hat has a flat crown covered all over with pink rose-petals, the brim composed of foliage and half-opened buds. Another has a yellow straw foundation, visible along the edge of the brim, but covered with Marechal Niel roses and white lace, the crown of gold and pearl-spangled leaves. Another toque in a broad and important shape combines crushed white roses, fully opened, with their own buds and green leaves very effectively. Boas or ruffles made chiefly of flowers are to accompany these floral hats on the smartest occasions. The flowers need not be the same on hat and boa, but must agree in colour-scheme or harmony. Roses, of course, are first favourites; what can better become a fair young face? But more trailing flowers can be used on the boas than are suitable for the chapeaux; thus, sweet peas and lilac are excellent for the neck-decoration. The foundation of a floral boa is leaf-green chiffon, and very often loops of the chiffon or of green ribbon in the same shade are twisted in with the flowers. Chiffon boas are garlanded with strings of pearls, too, in order to match hats. Lady Londonderry's large ruffle, worn at her daughter's recent wedding, was of grey chiffon, in big fluffy pleats, decorated with appliqué flowers in panne; a similar idea, with the flowers in coloured muslin, is a new Paris model. Long stole ends, falling down to mingle with the draperies of the skirt, are generally added. A lovely boa is of white chiffon, in a series of full choux, each centred by a pearl ornament; long ends, trimmed in the same manner, but with smaller rosettes and pearl centres. Some of the ruffles are practically collarettes, wide enough to cover the shoulders, and lined with silk, as they are, they will afford an appreciable amount of warmth. This is not, however, the true mission in life of a ruffle. It is born to be decorative. A mass of fluffy frillings near the face is becoming, and for that purpose the boa is donned, without any consideration of utility, although some, from the accident of their material, may serve in a measure to defy the inclemency of the weather.



OPERA CLOAK IN BLACK GLACÉ.

The first of the opera-cloaks depicted this week is formed of black glacé, strapped with black ribbon-velvet. It is further ornamented by gold motifs ending in tassels. The collar and cuffs are of lace. The second is of light cloth, trimmed with deep flounces of black and white lace. The collar and long revers are edged with black and white embroidery, bordering puffings of chiffon. The design is completed by black velvet ribbon forming bands, bows, and streamers.

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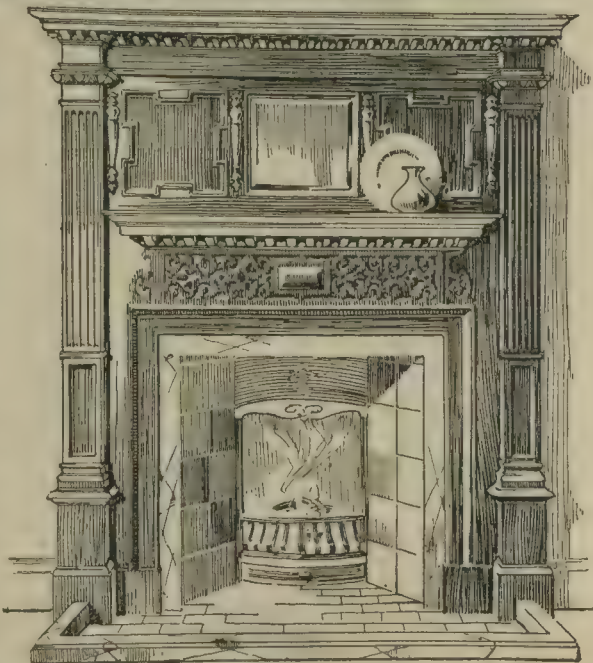
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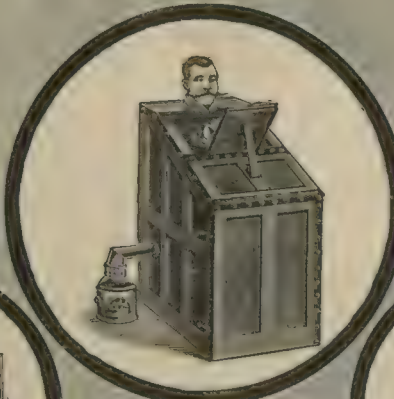
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THE "ALMA" IN DRY DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON AFTER THE COLLISION.



THE DAMAGED BOWS OF THE "ALMA."

THE COLLISION BETWEEN THE S.S. "ALMA" AND THE "CAMBRIAN PRINCESS" ON APRIL 1.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HATFIELD, SOUTHAMPTON.

At a quarter past two on the morning of April 1, the London and South Western Company's steamer "Alma," from Southampton to Havre, came into collision with the fully rigged ship "Cambrian Princess," off the Nab Light-ship. The "Cambrian Princess," which was struck aft, went down within four minutes, and eleven of her crew were drowned. Several of the men climbed on to the "Alma" during the brief time the boats were locked together, and three were afterwards picked up. The "Alma" was herself badly damaged, but above the water-line, and she made port without much difficulty.

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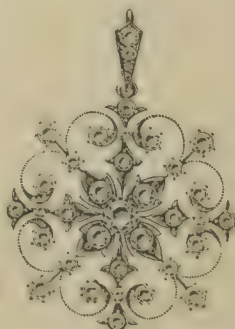
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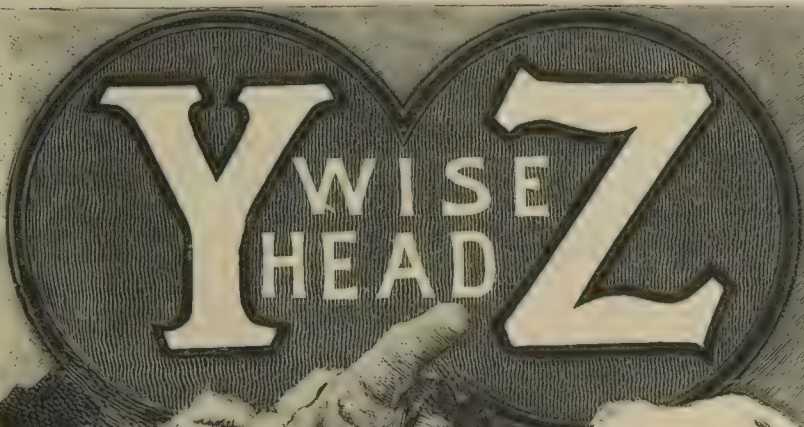
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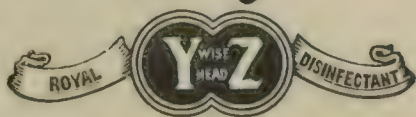
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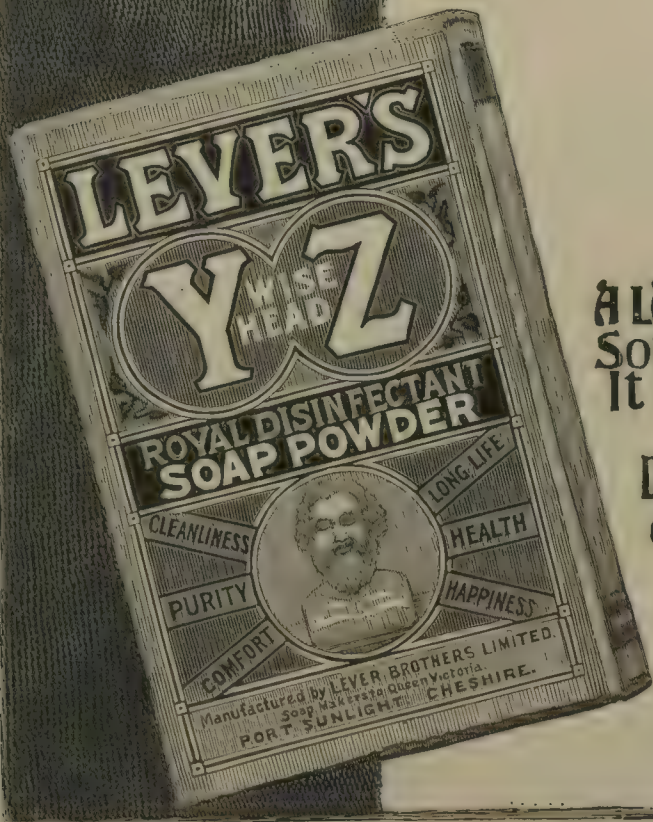
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Temple have returned to London. The Primate was able to enjoy almost complete rest through the Easter week, and did not undertake any diocesan engagements.

Worshippers at St. Paul's Cathedral on Easter Sunday were delighted with the effect of the electric installation. The choir was brilliantly illuminated with six gilt chandeliers, each with six lamps; a number of smaller lamps are fixed along the front of the stalls. There are about a hundred electric lamps altogether for lighting the choir.

Father Dolling has been suffering from the effects of a recent accident to his foot. He was obliged to neglect the injury during the pressure of his Lenten work, and is now under medical treatment. His general health is much better than it was before Christmas, and he is already planning for the holidays of his Poplar school-children in the camps at Hayling Island and Broadstairs. He is making the wise rule that no children who have not been revaccinated can be taken to the country. Mr. Dolling's camps have in previous years greatly benefited the children of St. Saviour's parish. The food is good and sufficient, and the splendid air, continuous playing, and

habits of order and regularity tend to mental as well as physical improvement.

Canon Ainger was the last Sunday preacher at the Abbey before the building was closed for the Coronation. He also occupied the pulpit in the Temple Church on the morning of Easter Sunday, when he preached a very

ground; there are dreams that tell us of realities and do a blessed work.

The Dean of Norwich, I am glad to learn, has now quite recovered his health, and was able to preach in the Cathedral on the evening of Easter Sunday. He has benefited greatly by his two months' stay at Bournemouth, and hopes to carry on his duties as vigorously as ever during the summer.

The Rev. John Vaughan, who has been presented by the Bishop of Winchester to the Rectory of Droxford, one of the most valuable country livings in Hampshire, has been working in the county with much success for twenty years. As Vicar of Langrish he has long held an influential position.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer will conduct a series of special services on behalf of the Free Church Council during the autumn and winter, and his place will be taken by Dr. Pierson, the well-known American preacher. During the last

illness and after the death of C. H. Spurgeon, Dr. Pierson was in charge of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and he has visited London on later occasions. There is great satisfaction among the congregation at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, that Mr. Meyer should see his way to resume his own ministry after a winter's absence.



Photo. Newman, Berkhamstead.

THE CYCLE SECTION OF THE "ARTISTS" VOLUNTEERS: AWAITING ORDERS TO START.

Our photograph was taken during drill on Berkhamstead Common, and shows the men prepared for inclement weather.

striking sermon on Pilate's wife's dream. Whether this lady was or was not converted, he said, we cannot know. She came out of darkness, and passed into darkness again. But the incident teaches us that we may learn the greatest and most vital truths in our most lonely hours and in thoughts which come with visions of the night. There is a land of dreams where we are on firm

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MUSIC.

At the St. James's Hall on Saturday, April 5, Herr Wilhelm Backhaus gave his third pianoforte recital. He is a young artist of most excellent technique and delightful style—a style, free from any artificiality or exaggeration, that seems the quintessence of refinement. He must, however, guard against accentuating this natural charm, for he is on the borderland of too much repression, that might become colourless. It seems to a casual observer as though he plays too easily—so entirely without effort that it might soon produce an effect as though he were bored. Herr Backhaus began his programme with Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, in which he was at his best, especially in the minuet movement. He also played beautifully a romance by Schumann and Mendelssohn's Study in B flat minor. The fault, or rather the suggestion of a fault, was more noticeable in the studies by Seeling and a rhapsody of Brahms. Madame Hortense Paulsen sang exceedingly well songs of Schumann, Luigi, and Mozart.

The London Musical Festival is taking a definite order and programme, and will begin on April 28. M. Ysaye, it is good to hear, will be able to conduct after all, having found it possible to cancel his engagement in Paris. Herr Nikisch, who was to have taken his place on Tuesday afternoon, has courteously, and as a mark of

friendliness to M. Ysaye, withdrawn. The conductors for the week are: on Monday, Mr. Henry Wood; on Tuesday, M. Ysaye; on Wednesday, Herr Nikisch; on Thursday and Friday, Herr Weingartner; and on Saturday, Dr. Saint-Saëns and Mr. Henry Wood. The programme of the week holds many novelties at these festival concerts. On Monday there will be an opportunity of hearing Mr. Percy Pitt's illustrative music written for "Paolo and Francesca" as a concert suite—a prominence it deserves. Tschaikowsky's Coronation March will also be given on Monday. "The Carnival of Paris," by Svendsen, will be given on Tuesday, and Haydn's cello concerto. On Thursday there will be a symphonic poem, entitled "Vetana," composed by Smetana; on Friday the symphonic poem "King Lear," by Weingartner; and on Saturday, Matthey's orchestral transcription of the Rhapsody No. 2 in D of Liszt, the "Cockaigne" overture of Dr. Elgar, and the Entr'acte of "Phryne" of M. Saint-Saëns. Altogether, a delightful book for the week, that should make the London Festival of some repute in the Continental musical world.

"Merrie England," at the Savoy, has secured instant appreciation; and Mr. Edward German contributes greatly to this, supporting the wit of Captain Basil Hood with charming, quaint, and graceful lyrics. Mr. Edward German is always at his best when

composing music of the "good old times," and this light opera is no exception. The melodies are flowing and original: no irritating reminiscence of old English dances strikes the ear; their very freshness and rustic spontaneous tunefulness captivates immediately, and the rhythmical dance-music is especially attractive. The chorus is most excellently rehearsed and effective, and the soloists, particularly Mr. Lytton, are an example, without being invidious to other light operas, to what heights the performers might attain. In short, the tradition of the Savoy for musical excellence has not been shaken. In the first act the quintet, "Love is meant to make us glad"; the quartet, "We are four men of Windsor"; the duet, "When true love hath found a man," are especially to be commended. In the second act the love-song, "Dan Cupid hath a garden," and the duet, "It is the merry month of May," are both beautiful. Miss Rosina Brandram as Queen Bess was very clever, and gave a highly finished performance. Miss Agnes Fraser, whose voice has grown stronger, and Miss Louie Pounds, with her pretty rounded notes, were excellent. Mr. Walter Passmore's talent is more a question of dramatic than of musical criticism, but he must be commended for his clearness of articulation and his clever economy of breathing. Where a patter song is demanded, no one can rival him.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 14, 1902) of Colonel John Morgan, J.P., D.L., of Bank House, Brecon, who died on March 12, was proved on March 26 by David Morgan, the brother, and David Hughes Morgan, the nephew, the value of the estate amounting to £233,468. The testator bequeaths annuities of £200 each to his brother James Morgan, and his aunt, Mrs. Mary Anne Inray; £2500 each to the children of his brother David, other than his eldest son; and £3000 each to his second and third sons in addition; £1000 to his sister Mrs. Hannah Griffiths; £10,000 to his nephew Morgan Hughes Buckley Morgan; £3000 to his niece Gladys Gwendoline Morgan; £5000 to his nephew Ivor Bertie Morgan; the income of £1000 to his sister Mary Anne Brewer; his furniture, plate, etc., live and dead stock, to his nephew David Hughes Morgan; and legacies to servants. He devises his freehold property in Lion Street and Market Street, Brecon, to his nephew David Hughes Morgan, and all his real estate in the county of Carmarthen to his brother David for life, with remainder to the second son of his said brother, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male. All other his property, both real and personal, he settles on his nephew David Hughes Morgan.

The will (dated July 7, 1899), of Mr. Thomas Joseph Eyre, of 16, Hill Street, W., Thorpe Lee, Egham, and

Upper Court, Kilkenny, who died on Jan. 18, was proved on March 24 by Anne Jane, Baroness Milford, the widow, Stanislaus Thomas Eyre, and Leonard Cecil Colin Lindsay, the executors, the value of the estate being £208,594. He bequeathed £250 each to the Providence Row Night Refuge and Home and the Benevolent Society for the Relief of the Aged and Infirm Poor; £100 each to the Orphanage of the Faithful Virgin (Upper Norwood) and St. Mary's Orphanage for Boys (Blackheath) and St. Mary's Poor Schools attached to the Horseferry Road Mission; £150 to St. John's Institution for the Deaf and Dumb (Boston Spa); £250 each to St. Vincent's Home for Destitute Children (Harrow Road), the Poor Schools attached to the Warwick Street Mission, and the Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul for the district comprising the Warwick Street Mission; £200 to the Society for Visiting Hospitals, to be employed in the last-mentioned district; £250 each to the Catholic Poor Schools Committee and the Aged Poor Society; £150 to the Nursing Sisters of the Assumption (Notting Hill); £150 to the nursing servants of the Sacred Heart (Homerton); £150 to the Little Sisters of the Poor (Portobello Road); £100 to the Poor Schools attached to the Mission at Staines; £500 each to the Southwark Diocese Education and Rescue Society, to St. Joseph's Library, in connection with the church in Farm Street, and to

the Superior of Farm Street Church; £1000 to the Superior of Beaumont College (Old Windsor); and £1000 to the Bishop of Clifton, upon trust, for the College of St. Peter and St. Paul. He settles the Upper Court Estate on Stanislaus Thomas Eyre, but charged with the payment to his wife of such an annual sum as with the income from her settlement will make up £1000 per annum, and on her death of a conditional annuity of £500, to Francis Eyre. Mr. Eyre gives his household furniture, an annuity of £2000, and the use of his three residences in England, to his wife, and an additional £500 per annum for each of such residences as she shall elect not to reside in; an annuity of £1000, to be raised to £2000 on the death of Lady Milford, to his niece Philomena Grainger; £47,346 and eight sixteenths of his share of the sale of the Figlash estate to the sons of his uncle Charles Nathaniel Eyre; £17,754 and three sixteenths of such sale to the children of Vincent Anthony Eyre; £5000 to the children of Charles Vincent Joachim Eyre; and £5000 to the children of John Joseph Eyre; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves as to two thirds to the Molyneux Fund in connection with the Aged Poor Society; and one third in or towards founding in London a Home similar to the Providence Row Night Refuge.

The will (dated June 22, 1899), with a codicil (dated May 14, 1901), of Mr. James Carruthers, of 5, Roland

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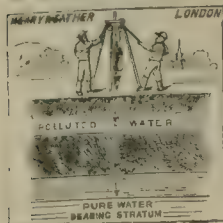
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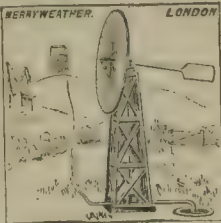
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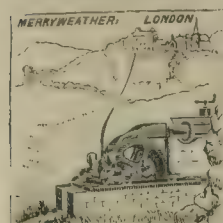
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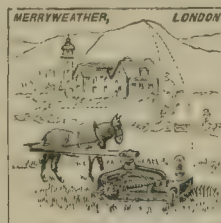
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CUCKOO DAY AND CUCKOO LORE.

As the month of April, sacred to fools and showers, approaches, one is encountered with letters from correspondents who announce the appearance of the mystic cuckoo here, there, and everywhere. As we are told that one swallow does not make a summer, so by the same reasoning one cuckoo does not make a spring; but as the cuckoo bulks very largely in the folklore of all countries, it may not be amiss, perhaps, if we cite some few samples in the following lines, prefacing these same by the remark that Cuckoo Day is generally accounted to be the twelfth of April. Strange as it may appear among such a superstitious race as the Scotch, there is no cuckoo folklore in Scotland, though in Scandinavia and Germany there is plenty, and of quite respectable antiquity too. Thus in the former country, when the note of the bird is heard for the first time, the maidens kiss their hands and exclaim, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be married?" The number of times the bird calls denotes the number of years the maidens will have to wait. In Germany and other countries on the Continent the number of times the bird repeats his note is taken as denoting the number of years the listener has to live. The Danish belief is entertained in much the same way in Norfolk; while in Shropshire it was the custom for the natives, when the cuckoo was first heard, to make holiday and drink "cuckoo ales." In some parts of the United Kingdom, if the hearer has money in his pocket when he first hears the bird's note, he will enjoy a prosperous year, but if the pocket is empty it will be difficult to fill it; and,

if the cuckoo is heard fasting, one is liable to die of hunger during the ensuing year. In Servia the bird presages disaster if he is heard in the forest before the trees have put forth their leaves, while happiness and plenty can be looked for if there is abundance of foliage. In Switzerland; as also in some portions of Germany, the cuckoo is known as the "baker's boy," the legend telling that he once stole bread from the poor, for which he was condemned to wear a powdery-grey plumage to remind him of his ancient calling. Among the peasantry in some parts of France the cuckoo is believed, after St. James's Day, July 25, to change into a bird of prey, inhabiting the mountains during the winter, resuming his natural form in the spring, and returning to France on the back of a kite. In Russia the bird is looked upon as the precursor of sorrow and death, the legend being that he is a young girl who angered the gods by weeping too long for her lover, and was changed into a cuckoo.

Coming to our own country, one of the most ancient rhymes in reference to the cuckoo is the following—

In April
Come he will.
In the month of May
He comes to stay.
In the month of June
Sings out of tune.
In July
Prepares to fly.
In August
Go he must.

Another ancient rhyme runs thus—

In April, come he will;
In May, he sings all day;
In June, he alters his tune;
In July, he prepares to fly;
In August, go he must;
If he stay till September,
'Tis as much as the oldest man can remember.

In some parts of England Cuckoo Day is accounted to be April 14. In North Yorkshire the two following rhymes are current—

The cuckoo in April,
He opens his bill;
The cuckoo in May,
He sings the whole day;
The cuckoo in June,
He changeth his tune;
The cuckoo in July,
Away he must fly.

In April, cuckoo sings her lay;
In May, she sings both night and day;
In June, she loses her sweet strain;
In July, she flies off again.

It will be noticed that the rhymes treat the bird as being both masculine and feminine in gender. Haywood, who wrote in 1587, has the following—

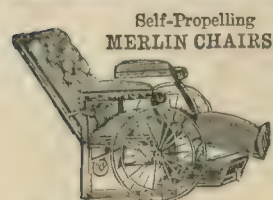
In April, the cuckoo can sing her song by rote;
In June, of tune she cannot sing a note;
At first, koo-coo, koo-coo, sing still can she do;
At last, kooke, kooke, kooke; six kookes to one koo.

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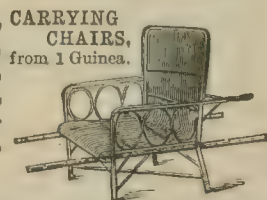
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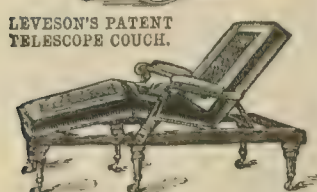


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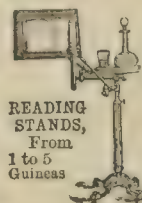
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Telephone No 5271 GERRARD, LONDON.

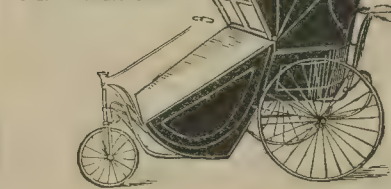
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BATH-CHAIRS on easy
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A FEW EXAMPLES GIVEN AS TO PRICES AND SIZES—

SIZE	PRICE	SIZE	PRICE	SIZE	PRICE
11 ft. 11 by 7 0	2 2	12 ft. 8 by 9 3	3 5	13 ft. 11 by 10 3	3 19
8 ft. 1 by 5 2	1 10	12 ft. 1 by 9 1	3 0	14 ft. 6 by 9 9	4 7
8 ft. 2 by 5 2	1 10	12 ft. 6 by 9 4	2 19	14 ft. 6 by 9 4	4 3
9 ft. 4 by 9 2	2 12	12 ft. 4 by 9 3	2 17	14 ft. 4 by 10 5	4 12
9 ft. 6 by 6 4	2 2	12 ft. 5 by 9 2	3 3	14 ft. 2 by 9 5	4 8
9 ft. 2 by 6 3	2 2	12 ft. 1 by 9 1	3 2	15 ft. 5 by 10 4	4 9
9 ft. 4 by 6 4	2 2	13 ft. 1 by 10 2	3 14	15 ft. 2 by 12 3	5 4
9 ft. 3 by 6 3	1 15	13 ft. 0 by 9 2	3 13	15 ft. 4 by 11 9	6 0
10 ft. 5 by 7 4	2 11	13 ft. 3 by 9 7	3 10	15 ft. 9 by 12 6	6 0
10 ft. 0 by 8 6	2 17	13 ft. 5 by 9 5	3 10	15 ft. 3 by 12 4	5 3
10 ft. 3 by 6 3	2 0	13 ft. 2 by 10 0	3 14	15 ft. 5 by 10 3	4 18
10 ft. 0 by 7 3	2 4	13 ft. 3 by 9 5	3 15	15 ft. 2 by 12 2	5 13
12 ft. 4 by 9 2	3 10	13 ft. 2 by 9 3	3 11	15 ft. 4 by 9 4	4 0
12 ft. 2 by 9 3	3 3	13 ft. 4 by 10 4	3 17	15 ft. 7 by 10 2	4 8
12 ft. 5 by 10 4	4 13	13 ft. 5 by 9 3	3 9	15 ft. 1 by 11 10	4 19
12 ft. 6 by 9 3	3 4	13 ft. 4 by 10 3	3 16	15 ft. 2 by 12 4	5 4
12 ft. 4 by 12 5	4 5	13 ft. 2 by 11 4	4 4	15 ft. 3 by 12 3	5 3
12 ft. 1 by 9 5	3 16	13 ft. 3 by 9 6	3 10	16 ft. 7 by 10 5	5 6

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6 ft. by 3 ft. 12s. 6d. each. 7 ft. by 4 ft. 25s. each.

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DELICIOUSLY
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CRAB APPLE
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VIOLET,
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SOLD BY ALL THE LEADING GROCERS & STORES.

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When Nature is in one of her sluggish moods the problem has been to discover some harmless medicinal combination which shall assist her gently, yet effectually, and at the same time leave the organs permanently benefited. This great problem has been solved by California Syrup of Figs, which has well earned its title:

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is by far the most agreeable means of overcoming Habitual Constipation and the many complaints that arise therefrom. It is the pleasantest, surest remedy for

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It acts in a natural way, cleansing the system thoroughly, and restoring healthful regularity.

There are bad imitations and cheap substitutes in plenty. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to have the genuine and original—if you are to obtain what we promise—that is California Syrup of Figs. The combination is a simple one, and the method of manufacture by the California Fig Syrup Co. ensures that perfect purity and uniformity of product, which has commended it to the favourable consideration of the most eminent physicians and to the intelligent appreciation of all who are well-informed generally in reference to medicinal agents.

**THE GOOD
IT DOES IS
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Of all Chemists, 1/14 and 1/9
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RED ROUGH HANDS
FALLING HAIR**

PREVENTED BY

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SOAP**

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**GOUT and
Rheumatism.**

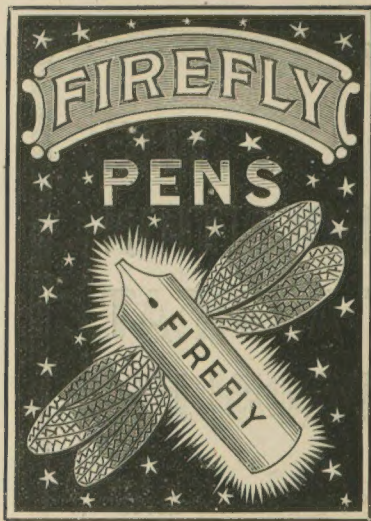
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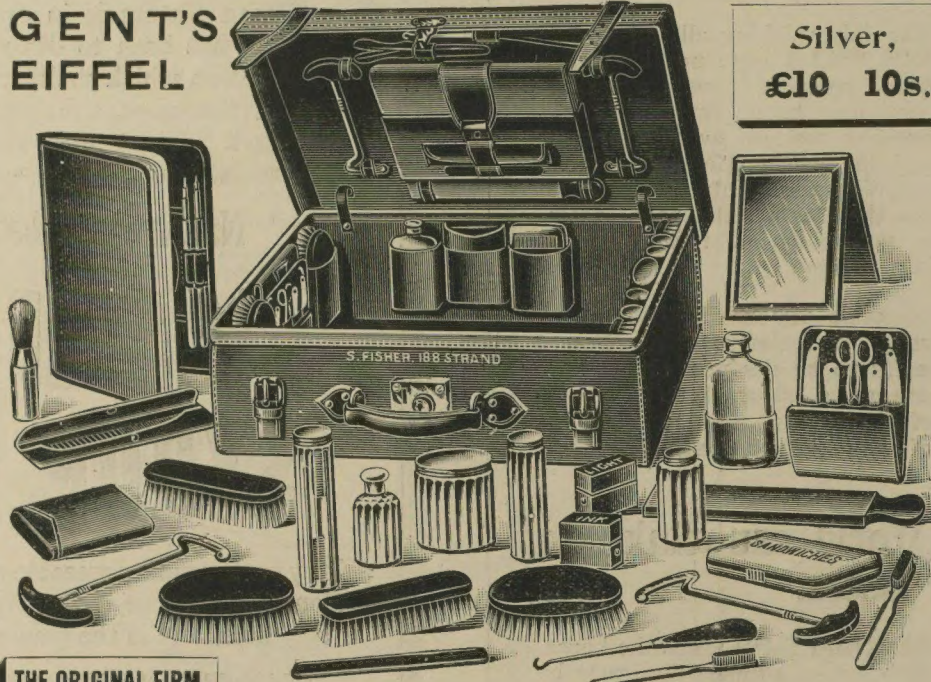
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SOUND DISCS
Completely overcome DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES, no matter of how long standing. Are the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes. Invisible. Comfortable. Worn months without removal. Explanatory Pamphlet Free.

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They purify.
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FOR HEADACHE.
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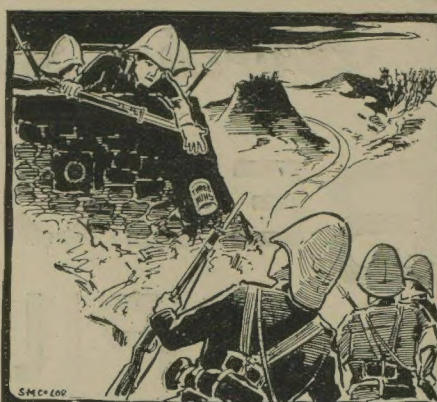
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'THREE NUNS' Tobacco

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Packets & Tins 5d. Per Ounce
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LOVELY ART COLOURS.
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This charming Fabric is woven from the purest flax, and is an ideal spring and summer material.

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Black . . . 9/-
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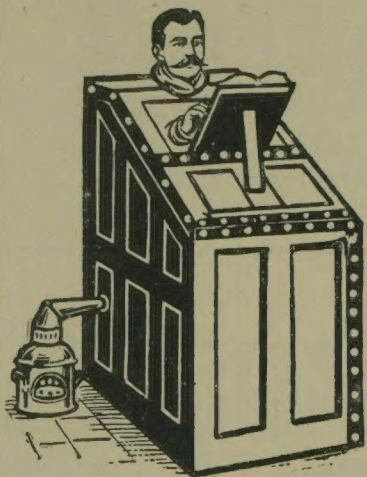
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The "Dalli" is the most up-to-date and best Box Iron, doing away with the worries of the old system. No gas, no fire, no smell. Hot in a few minutes, and remains hot. No changes of irons, self-heating with smokeless fuel. Can be used anywhere without interruption, even out of doors, doing double the work in half the time. More economical than any other iron. Price of the "Dalli" is 6/-. Price of the "Dalli" Fuel is 1/9 per box of 128 Blocks. To be had of all Ironmongers or Domestic Stores. If any difficulty apply to—**The Dalli Smokeless Fuel Co., 27, Milton St., London, E.C.**



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The only absolutely safe Bath Cabinet made

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These Balls are guaranteed regulation size, and are equal in every respect to the best Ping-Pong Celluloid Balls now on the market. They are offered for sale by the Proprietors of the world-renowned "GLOBE" POLISHES.

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Extra Fine Quality Linen & Long Cloth,
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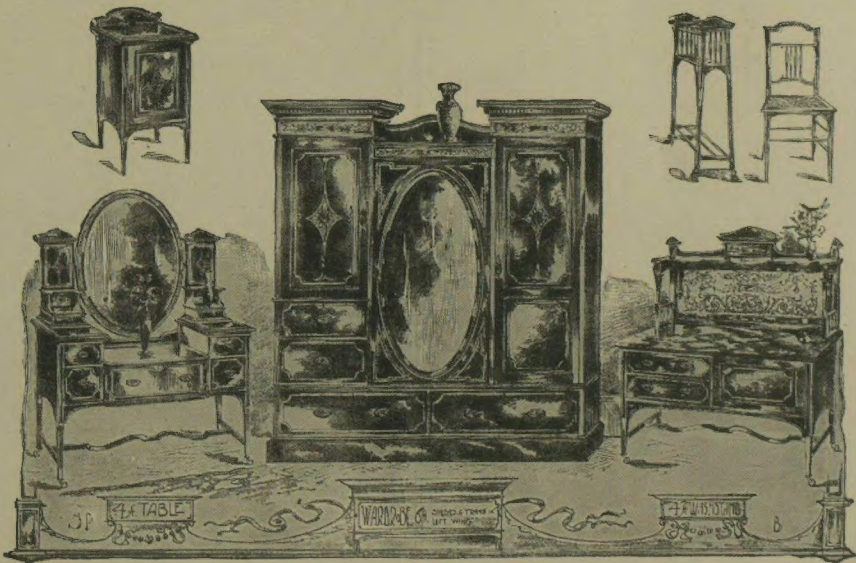
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CARRIAGE
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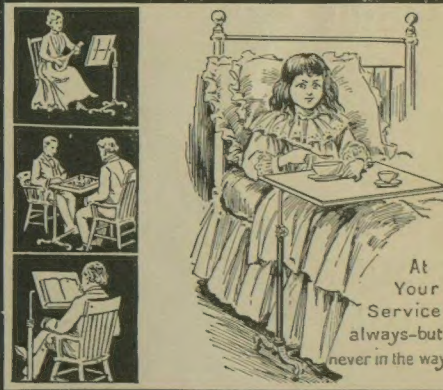
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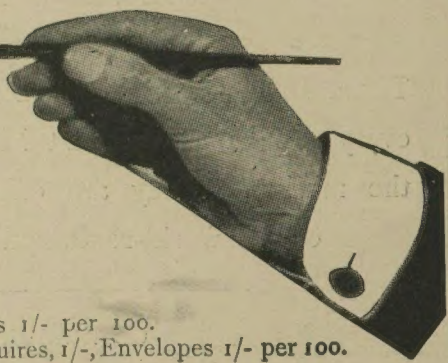
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